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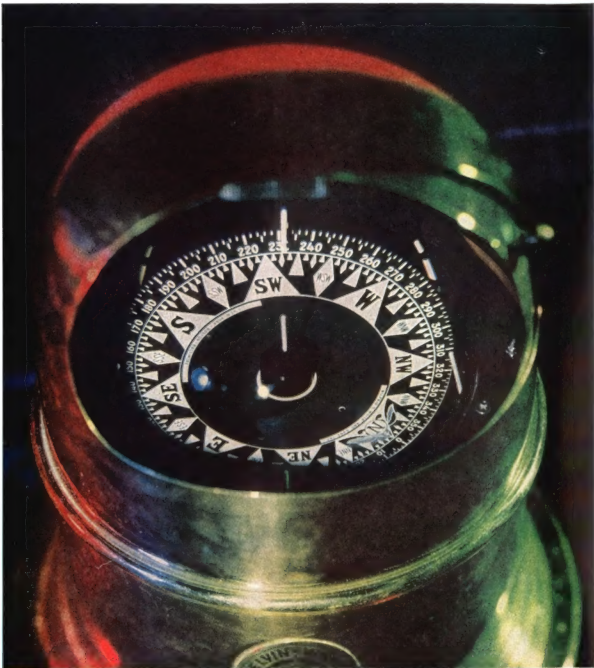
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WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE

ROBERT VILKNEY

VOL. 82 NO. 8

WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE



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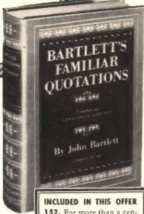
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, August 21

The Beverly Hillbillies (CBS, 9-9:30 p.m.). * Folk Musicians Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs make a special guest appearance as former suitors of Cousin Pearl.

Naked City (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). "The S.S. American Dream," with John Larch, Gretchen Wyler and Madeleine Sherwood. Repeat.

Thursday, August 22

The Voice of the Desert (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A special on the Sonoran Desert, as seen in Arizona by Naturalist Joseph Wood Krutch. Color.

The Nurses (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Joan Hackett, as an unwed, pregnant nurse, ponders abortion. Repeat.

Friday, August 23

The Jack Paar Program (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests include the cast of *Beyond the Fringe*. Repeat.

Saturday, August 24

ABC's World Wide of Sports (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The Soap Box Derby from Akron and the Little League World Series from Williamsport, Pa.

The Defenders (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). The Prestons go to Fire Island for the weekend, encounter a poltergeist and a murder. Guests include Mary Astor, Patrick O'Neal and Joan Hackett. Repeat.

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9-11:30 p.m.). *The Roots of Heaven*, the story of a one-man crusade to save Africa's elephants, with Trevor Howard, Errol Flynn, Orson Welles, Eddie Albert, Juliette Greco. Color.

Sunday, August 25

The American Golf Classic (ABC, 4:30-6 p.m.). The final round of the \$50,000 invitational match at Akron.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Finland's Tug of War," highlighted by the riots accompanying the July 1962 Communist Eighth World Youth Festival in Helsinki. Repeat.

Du Pont Show of the Week (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). John Mills heads the cast of *The Interrogator*, a drama about a British police superintendent on Cyprus who feels forced to use brutality against the terrorists. Color. Repeat.

Crucial Summer: The 1963 Civil Rights Crises (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Third in a series of five special reports.

Monday, August 26

Ben Casey (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Kim Stanley won an Emmy award for her performance in this segment about a female attorney who tries to conceal her addiction to drugs. Repeat.

Tuesday, August 27

Focus on America (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). "To the Moon and Beyond . . ." a discussion by Dr. Wernher von Braun of the U.S. space effort.

RECORDS

Virgil Fox Plays the Philharmonic Hall Organ (Command). In baroque, romantic and modern music—Bach's *Passacaglia*

* All times E.D.T.

and *Fugue in C Minor*, Franck's *Grande Pièce Symphonique* and Messiaen's *Dieu Parni Nous*—Fox puts Manhattan's first fine concert organ through its paces for a disk debut. A staggering volume and variety of sound and with it, music of a high order.

Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique (Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra: RCA Victor). Pierre Monteux gives a fine reading of his fellow countryman's most popular work. Made in 1960, this is one of an armful of records recently dropped from Victor's big catalogue and now reissued at about half their former price on a revived, well-remembered label: Victor.

Henry Cowell, Piano Music (Folkways). The dean of the *enfants terribles* of U.S. music plays and talks about the pieces that made such a ruckus in the 1920s. His 20 piano pieces (including *Tides of Mananaun* and *Trumpet of Angus Og*) are full of rumbling dissonant tone clusters, reinforced by piano strings rubbed, strummed and plucked. The pieces sound prophetic now, and not nearly so wild.

Schumann: Spanische Liebeslieder (Columbia). These love songs are about as Spanish as wienerschnitzel, but romantic nonetheless. Published posthumously, the five solos, two duets and final quartet of Schumann's second Spanish-cycle are recorded for the first time. The two-piano team of Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale share high honors with the singers, notably Soprano Lois Marshall and Tenor Leopold Simoneau. On the other side of the record are Brahms's *Liebeslieder Walztes*, which are, also written for four hands and four voices.

CINEMA

The Small World of Sammy Lee, Anthony Newley, of *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*, has gotten off at a Soho bump-and-grinder where he is the frantically busy master of ceremonies with several illicit deals on the side. As the fast-running Sammy, Newley is wickedly sly, inwardly terrified, foolishly hopeful in this sordid and often biting slice-of-life film.

The Thrill of It All. The cinematic succession of unsuccessful assaults on Doris Day's virtue not only has ended with this latest film, but has also gotten a few jumps ahead of the ladies in the balcony: Doris is married to Obstetrician James Garner and is the mother of two singularly objectionable children. With apple-checked efficiency, she finds time both to sell soap on TV and to assist as mobile midwife when Arlene Francis has a baby in the back seat of a Rolls-Royce.

Toys in the Attic. Lillian Hellman's story about two Southern spinsters and their younger brother is the same tangle of tormented sibling relationships it was on the stage in 1960 and just as lacking in life, though Geraldine Page, Wendy Hiller and Dean Martin try valiantly to give it spark.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Tenants of Moonbloom, by Edward Lewis Wallant. A horrifying look behind the doors of New York's wretched slum tenements. The novel's hero is a rent collector who goes bleakly from house to house until he can no longer stand it, and

sets out to restore the buildings and his own spirit.

Aneurin Bevan, by Michael Foot. A full, sympathetic biography of England's most militant socialist and Churchill's most abrasive critic, who was also a great parliamentarian, a man of chivalrous gaiety and wit who loved charming and disarming London society.

The Collector, by John Fowles. There is not one wrong word in this story of a weird, solitary young man who branches out from butterflies to young girls for his chloroformed collection. Author Fowles impales the collector as exquisitely as any of his specimens.

Ford: Decline and Rebirth, 1933-62, by Allan Nevins and Frank Ernest Hill. Though corporate history seems an unlikely subject for drama, this book makes lively reading of the time when the Ford Motor Co. was a chaotic, money-losing corporate mess, its aging founder out of touch with his own company and his own times. The authors go on to trace the corporation's recovery, guided by Henry Ford II and his Whiz Kids, among them Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara.

Elizabeth Appleton, by John O'Hara. For those who take their campus politics more seriously, this hefty bestseller recounts the maneuverings of a New York socialite to land her husband the president's job in a small Pennsylvania college.

Mrs. G.B.S., by Janet Dunbar. She wasn't gay, witty or pretty—qualities Shaw admired extravagantly in other women—but her quiet nature excellently balanced his. Their marriage began, as Shaw would tell anyone who would listen, as "intellectual companionship" and ended 45 years later when she died, "in deep devotion."

Night and Silence Who Is Here?, by Pamela Hansford Johnson. A charming, lazy British scholar arrives for a sabbatical year at a well-endowed New England college and discovers that it offers just the squire he had been looking for. An acid satire on the university-foundation circuit, written by the wife of Britain's Author-Scientist C. P. Snow, who was a visiting fellow at Connecticut's Wesleyan College in 1961.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, West (1, last week)
2. *Elizabeth Appleton*, O'Hara (2)
3. *City of Night*, Rechy (3)
4. *The Glass-Blowers*, Du Maurier (4)
5. *Grandmother and the Priests*, Caldwell (5)
6. *Seven Days in May*, Knebel and Bailey (6)
7. *The Collector*, Fowles (10)
8. *Caravans*, Michener
9. *The Concubine*, Lofts (7)
10. *Raise High the Roof Beam*, Salinger (8)

NONFICTION

1. *The Fire Next Time*, Baldwin (1)
2. *My Darling Clementine*, Fiskian (5)
3. *The Whole Truth and Nothing But*, Hopper (3)
4. *I Owe Russia \$1,200*, Hope (2)
5. *The Day They Shook the Plum Tree*, Lewis (4)
6. *The Wine Is Bitter*, Eisenhower (9)
7. *Notebooks 1935-1942*, Camus
8. *The Great Hunter*, Woodham-Smith
9. *Terrible Swift Sword*, Catton (6)
10. *Travels with Charley*, Steinbeck (7)

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1. Baseball 2. Football 3. Cricket 4. Boxing 5. Riding 6. Shooting 7. Soccer 8. Football 9. Football 10. Soccer 11. Archery 12. Motorcycling

LETTERS

The Archbishop & His Church

Sir: Having traipsed the length and breadth of England for Michael Ramsey's biography (*Hundredth Archbishop of Canterbury*), I am well aware of fascinating yet frequently elusive qualities of the Primate and his peculiar vineyard. These are matters of spirit and fact that TIME has seized, defined, and eloquently interpreted in its wonderfully readable report [Aug. 16] on His Grace's inspired leadership.

JAMES B. SIMPSON

New York City

Sir: I can never read your reports on the Anglican part of Christ's one, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church without wincing—and especially because you persist in categorizing us as Protestants, though we are nothing of the kind, notwithstanding what some churchmen may think in their superficial approach to religion. No informed Anglican will deny that his religion is reformed, but he must maintain that it is Catholic.

DON R. GERLACH

Assistant Professor of History

University of Akron
Akron

Sir: Having sweated out (literally—shirt-sleeve sessions in the university's steaming *Aula*—and figuratively—ponderous theological peregrinations *Über Rechtferigungstheorie*) 14 days of world Lutheranism in Helsinki, I snatched a copy of TIME at London's Central Airport to see if the Anglicans fared any better. The description of the Anglican theological stance (more like the twist) fairly leaped out at me. "Not the brain-numbing abstractions of Germany's sages, but an urbane lucidity spiced—à la C. S. Lewis—with literate Oxbridge wit." Well could we have used such a catalyst.

A friend observes that the difference between Anglicans and Lutherans is that of form v. content. Anglicans, via the B.C.P. and the episcopate, keep the form inviolate, even if theology runs helter-skelter. Lutherans, in spite of Helsinki, stand firmly on their Confessions, yet often go through the motions in the most outlandish manner, simply to demonstrate that form means nothing. Pray God that ere too long, the two of us will sit at the same table together—first to talk, ultimately to share the Supper of the Lord.

(THE REV.) EDGAR S. BROWN JR.
London

South Viet Nam's Women

Sir: As a Vietnamese student now studying in the U.S., I congratulate you on your extensive research into the private life of the first lady of our country, Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu [Aug. 9]. You have left no doubt as to the oppressive, dictatorial nature of the ruling family in Viet Nam.

But Mme. Nhu cannot be considered a typical Vietnamese woman—or any woman. She is *sur generis*. Generally feminine and able, the majority of Vietnamese women have neither the dictatorial temperament nor the vicious habits of speech that are characteristic of Mme. Nhu.

It is distressing to see Mme. Nhu's name side by side with past Vietnamese heroines. The three heroines whom you mentioned in your article arose as timely leaders for the Vietnamese nation against the oppression of foreign invaders. Mme. Nhu, on the other hand, is herself one of the enemies within.

HUYNH KIM KHANH

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir: Mme. Nhu represents all that our holy Catholic Church is fighting—pride, lust for power, intolerance, racial and religious hatred, and St. Paul's favorite subject for attack—a lack of charity not only for her former faith and her own people but also her very family.

(MRS.) SONJA NABIESZKO

North Bay, Ont.

Sir: Jesus "outlived" Pontius Pilate and the Roman Empire; Socrates outlasted the Athenian State, which executed him; Judaism thrives after Hitler's defeat; Gandhi will be remembered long after Nehru is forgotten; and Buddhism will outlast Mme. Nhu, the Diem regime, the state of Viet Nam, and it will point the way toward a full life long after all narrowness, be it Roman Catholic, Protestant, or any other, has vanished.

(THE REV.) DAVID C. OAKS

San Francisco

Sir: It is very convenient and very fashionable to blame every damn thing on Communism. But we Buddhists have never been known to favor Communists. Our long religious history of 2,506 years has been devoid of bloodshed. The demonstrations of those poor Vietnamese Buddhists just showed that they are still human beings and not yet Buddhist saints. They simply wanted to worship the god of their choice in peace. Maybe Diem thought in his meager brain that since the American President is a Catholic, he would look the other way and let him practice religious discrimination with equanimity.

CHANAI RUANGSIRI, M.D.

Betong, Thailand

Sir: You quote me as saying the war in Viet Nam will be over in December. Although I am extremely pleased with the progress made by the armed forces of the Republic of Viet Nam in the past 18 months, my optimism has not prompted me to make a prediction so specific. In January this year, Admiral Felt, Commander in Chief Pacific, ventured an opinion that the rebel Viet Cong could be defeated in three years. That target date is indeed realistic. However, if the current momentum and rate of progress are maintained, it is my considered opinion that victory over the Viet Cong could be achieved sooner. Since your article pins down only the month and not the year, perhaps it does not matter.

GENERAL PAUL D. HARKINS

Commander

Military Assistance Command
Viet Nam

Death & Life

Sir: It was one of those impossible-to-explain days, known only to mothers as "lost." The temperature was 100 plus, our five kids scrapped, spilled milk, and scrapped some more. No. 6 was raising merry hell with my digestion, and my self-pity was growing with every domestic crisis. Then the news of Patrick Kennedy's loss [Aug. 16] hit me right where it hurt—in the side of my pride. I suddenly "found" I loved all those little folks and that I was an exceptionally fortunate woman to be able to conceive and produce my sibs with a minimum of difficulty.

(MRS.) PRISCILLA H. WINGER

Lawton, Okla.

Next Question

Sir: According to TIME [Aug. 9], a newsman prompted President Kennedy to a nonsyntactical filibuster on antismegregation laws. I am prompted to the following syntactical nonfilibuster: Is it common practice to refer to the redoubtable May Craig, who asked the question, as a "newsman"?

(MRS.) MARGUERITE L. SAECKER

Oak Park, Ill.

Sir: Where are the intellectuals who gleefully jumped on President Eisenhower when he answered reporters' questions with as involved sentences as President Kennedy sometimes uses?

GODFREY HAMMOND

Scarsdale, N.Y.

German Reunification

Sir: You say, "As far as armaments are concerned, the protests from West Germans that they were about to be left in the lurch by the U.S. hardly came with good grace [Aug. 16]."

But what Bonn is concerned about is that the Germans behind the Iron Curtain may be left in the lurch, and to that neither Washington nor TIME has yet given a reassuring answer.

The attitude of the U.S. seems to be that of a rich young man who says to a girl, "I'll marry you and provide for you in every way, but you'll have to stop worrying or caring about your sister, who got raped by that no-good friend of mine."

H. GEORGE CLASSEN

Ottawa

Larry's Girls

Sir: Billy Friedberg, producer of *Harry's Girls*, is delighted with your interest in this new NBC-TV series [Aug. 16], but

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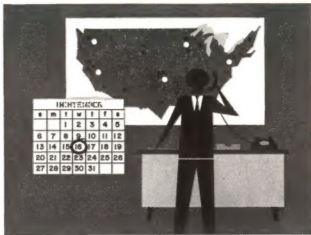
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Executive Producer

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Investment in Tampa

Sir: Your article, "Sabotage in Tampa" [Aug. 16], failed to report that since 1957 we have invested more than \$100 million in new and improved telephone facilities; the number of telephones in service has increased from 328,000 to 470,000; 761 new jobs have been created, bringing total employed to 4,129; and our annual payroll within the communities we serve has jumped from \$16.6 million to more than \$22 million.

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Whereas the Florida Public Utilities Commission did criticize the company for inadequacy of telephone facilities, despite the fact that we had greatly expanded our plant and equipment, the commission also gave public praise to General Telephone for its efforts to improve telephone service.

FRED D. LEAREY
President

General Telephone Co. of Florida
Tampa, Fla.

Literacy in Spanish

Sir: What an intriguing idea New York's Mayor Wagner has there: to allow Puerto Ricans to take literacy tests in Spanish [Aug. 9]. Why couldn't we have oral literacy tests for people who can't read or write?

EUGENE MOORE

Lancaster, Pa.

Sir: The literacy test as a requisite for exercising the sacred right of the suffrage is a thorny problem, but does not the logic of the American democratic way of life dictate that means must be sought to incorporate 600,000 citizens into the political life of an American community?

ANGEL CALDERÓN-CRUZ

Rio Piedras, P.R.

Educanto v. English

Sir: Scholars in the academic disciplines have long suspected that pretentious educationist jargon [Aug. 9] betrays a scarcity of actual content. This "educanto" seems to be a brave façade hiding a bleakness of thought, a paucity of ideas and an intellectual immaturity.

E. R. LOCKE

Orlando, Fla.

Sir: Although—together with Professor Simpson—I would be the first to admit that much sociological jargon resembles gibberish, it is an interesting comment upon the difference in status between disciplines that we do not criticize physicians for talking about pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis, or physicists for talking about a "neutrino."

The simple fact is that human group

* A miner's disease caused by inhaling very fine silicate or quartz dust.

behavior is complex and variegated. Lay language often does not do justice to this quality. Popular translations of sociological literature can frequently be compared to the difference between Disney's exploding pingpong balls on mousetraps and an original essay in fission by Albert Einstein.

RITCHIE P. LOWRY
Associate Professor of Sociology
Chico State College
Chico, Calif.

Schlesinger's Painting

Sir: As a former South African, I was interested in your story on John Schlesinger [Aug. 2], but I was even more interested in the sophisticated painting behind him. Please identify it.

(MRS.) MARGOT BARKHAM
New York City



► The painting is called *The Herald*, was done in 1958 by a South African artist, Alexis Preller.—Ed.

Pucci, Pants & Parliament

Sir: I hope Mr. Emilio Pucci is a huge success in the Italian Parliament [Aug. 16]; then maybe he won't have time to design women's fashions. Mr. Pucci seems to think that we American women will abandon the tops of our bathing suits. Hasn't he heard that we are all inhibited by Puritan ethics? Besides, if you wear his pocketless Capri pants, the only place left to carry money, cigarettes, etc. is in a bra or swimming-suit top.

ANNE STEWART

Chicago

One Man's Taste

Sir: How does your writer of "This Year in Marienbad" [Aug. 16] know what "well rusted steel wool" tastes like?

(S/SGT.) JOHN T. WIBLE
U.S.A.F.

► Well, his wife was away and he was doing his own cooking—and *ouch*. Tasted rather like old turnips, he says.—Ed.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

August 23, 1963

Vol. 82 No. 8

THE NATION

DEFENSE

The Atomic Arsenal

[See Cover]

Everyone knows—or should—that the U.S., with its nuclear arsenal, is the mightiest nation in human history. But few people really realize the staggering dimensions of that might. For one thing, facts about the arsenal have been shrouded by military secrecy. For another, the destructive power possessed by the U.S. simply beggars imagination.

Last week the world got its best glimpse yet of the size and condition of the U.S.'s nuclear nest egg. It came when Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara testified on behalf of the recently signed nuclear test ban treaty before the Senate Foreign Relations, Senate Armed Forces and Joint Atomic Energy Committees.

Up to a point, McNamara was merely propagandizing for the treaty. But beyond that point, McNamara, who seems to look upon himself as the world's only real authority on security regulations, had plainly decided that it was time for the U.S., its friends and its enemies, to get a better idea of what U.S. nuclear power actually means.

McNamara's major points were both enormously revealing and profoundly encouraging. Among them:

- ▶ The U.S. is vastly superior to the Soviet Union in its nuclear arsenal, and it is increasing its lead every day.
- ▶ The U.S., of its own strategic choice, relies on thousands of relatively small nuclear warheads, rather than on the explosive force of a few monster superbombs.
- ▶ The U.S. has nuclear weapons scattered and hidden all over the Western world. Thus, thousands of missiles and planes would definitely survive any conceivable atomic attack by the Soviets and could strike back with a barrage of missiles and bombs that could obliterate Russia or Red China.
- ▶ The U.S. even has its master command system so organized that there is little, if any, chance that Russian assault would so disrupt it as to prevent nuclear retaliation.

As always, McNamara was

crisp and decisive, clicking off facts with computerlike precision. But candid as he was, he was still cautious. And in many instances, what he said could only serve as a launching point for what he did not say. Thus, the real, breathtaking picture of U.S. nuclear power could only be seen with the help of other, previously published facts, of earlier testimony before Congress, and of educated estimates and extrapolation.

In *Tens of Thousands*. "We maintain," said McNamara, "a total number of nuclear warheads, tactical as well as strategic, in the tens of thousands."

The actual number may be reckoned with reasonable accuracy at some 33,000 warheads on station; or held, carefully stored, in ready reserve; or otherwise committed to the arsenal. Another 15,000 are in preparation.

"The fissionable material—raw plutonium or uranium 235—for U.S. atomic weapons is in thousands of steel containers buried somewhere west of the Mississippi and east of the Rockies. Of about 600 tons produced since World War II, some 400 tons are for weapons, the rest for peaceful projects.

Of the U.S.'s ready warheads, more than 25,000 are "tactical"—designed for short-range (mostly under 30 miles) battlefield or defensive use. Many are tiny power-packages of less than a kiloton (equal to 1,000 tons of TNT) that could be sent on slender, supersonic missiles to wipe out a company, sink a ship or shoot down planes.

The rest—over 7,000 warheads—are "strategic," built to travel thousands of miles and explode deep in enemy homelands. They are perched in the nose cones of intercontinental missiles or snugly enclosed in bomb casings aboard long-range aircraft. McNamara told the Senate group that "in the past 24 months alone, there has been a 100% increase in the number of nuclear warheads in the strategic alert forces." He said that the "megatonnage" of the force had "more than doubled"—which is pretty impressive, considering that a single megaton equals the explosive power of 1,000,000 tons of TNT.

The *Big Punch*. America's strategic alert force—missiles, bombers and Polaris-armed submarines—is loaded with

- ▶ multi-megaton warheads. The atomic arsenal currently includes:
 - ▶ 126 Atlas missiles with 5-megaton warheads.
 - ▶ 68 Titan missiles with 10-megaton packages.
 - ▶ 150 flashy new Minutemen (two-thirds of them installed in the last six months, with 800 more to come within two years) with 800-kiloton warheads.
 - ▶ 144 Polaris missiles with 800-kiloton warheads on nine submarines at sea (with 32 more subs and 512 more missiles by 1968).
 - ▶ 400 Hound Dog air-to-ground missiles with 1-megaton warheads.

In addition to these, the strategic force has 2,000 10-megaton bombs for delivery by its 720 old, slow B-47 bombers and its 80 new supersonic B-58s. The biggest operative punch in the U.S. arsenal—a 24-megaton bomb—is carried by the 630 SAC B-52s. Such a bomb dropped over a large city would instantly burst into a fireball about four miles in diameter, start fires 40 miles away, open a crater a mile wide and hundreds of feet deep. It would puff a gigantic poisonous cloud of radioactive dust 25 miles



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MINUTEMAN IN SILO

MORRIS KOSER/FOOTAGE



LOADING MINUTEMAN FOR DEPLOYMENT

into the sky, rain down enough fatal debris to kill humans more than 350 miles from the blast center. The U.S. has something like 1,600 such bombs ready for delivery by its B-52s.

In his testimony, McNamara pointed out that the U.S. always has a certain number of nuclear-armed bombers in the air, ready to head for enemy targets in the event of an attack on the U.S. Beyond these, said McNamara, there are "over 500 SAC bombers on quick-reaction alert"—a term meaning that they can be in the air within 15 minutes after receiving a warning that an attack is imminent. Continued McNamara: "Today the Soviets could place less than half as many bombers over North America on a first strike; the Soviets are estimated to have today only a fraction as many ICBM missiles, and their submarine-launched ballistic missiles are short-range, require surface launch, and generally are not comparable to our Polaris force. Between now and 1966, it is estimated that our bal-

listic missile superiority will increase both absolutely and relatively."

Power-Package. McNamara devoted a considerable share of his calmly-delivered, matter-of-fact statement to discussing "yield-to-weight ratios." This involves putting the greatest possible destructive power into the smallest, most easily transportable package. Said McNamara: "The Soviet Union appears to be technologically more advanced than we are in the high-yield range, in the tens of megatons."

He was, of course, referring to the monster thermonuclear device exploded by the U.S.S.R. during its 1961 test series. Said McNamara: "They have demonstrated a device of 60 megatons which we believe could be weaponized at about 100 megatons. The Soviets probably have no missile at this time which will deliver a 100-megaton warhead." As to that, some U.S. scientists and military leaders disagree with McNamara, believe that the 100-megaton giant, weighing between 20,000 and 30,000 lbs., could already be hung on the end of the Soviets' gigantic Vostok-launching rocket, nicknamed "The Beast" by U.S. intelligence agents, and fired with reasonable accuracy over 3,500 miles.

McNamara, while admitting that the treaty, by barring atmospheric testing, would prevent the U.S. from developing a 100-megaton bomb, told the Senators that without any testing the U.S. "can develop a warhead with a yield of 50 to 60 megatons for a B-52 delivery," and with underground tests could develop "a 35-megaton warhead for Titan II."

In any event, Secretary McNamara did not believe that the U.S. arsenal requires a superbomb. Said he: "One possible use of the very high-yield weapons would be to deliver them by missile and detonate them at altitudes of 100,000 feet and above, presumably over cities. Detonation at such alti-



MINUTEMAN LAUNCH SITE IN MONTANA
After a strike, an answer by salvo.

tudes could cause significant thermal damage—fire—over hundreds of square miles. But a better way to achieve even greater destruction, and a way which is within the present U.S. capabilities, is to divide the attack among several smaller weapons so as to saturate any defenses."

Doubling the Megaton. The U.S. is—and has been for several years—committed to such "saturation" strategy. In its simplest terms, this means avoiding reliance on a few huge bombs, peppering an enemy nation with hundreds of relatively small ones. Since devastation does not increase arithmetically with megaton power, two 10-megaton warheads properly placed can do almost as much damage as one 100-megaton giant. The Pentagon goes under the assumption that accuracy—even in saturation—is the key to success, that if a missile's accuracy is bettered by 20%, it is equivalent to doubling the megaton force of the warhead. This can be done without nuclear tests of any kind.

Concluding his criticism of a strategy which would depend on superbombs, McNamara said: "Very high-yield warheads are relatively inferior as second-strike retaliation weapons; it is much more difficult and costly to make them survivable—to harden, camouflage or make mobile the huge missiles required to deliver these weapons."

Survival Silos. A "second-strike retaliation weapon," such as Minuteman or Polaris, must be able to withstand enemy attack, and have all its intricate systems, including communications, intact when the pounding is over. Said McNamara: "Our missile force is deployed so as to assure that under any conceivable Soviet first strike, a substantial portion of it would remain in firing condition. Most of the land-based portion of the force has been hardened as well as dispersed."

Minuteman silos, sunk 80 feet deep

in the earth, are "hardened" by thick concrete walls. About 150 such silos, holding a Minuteman apiece, are dispersed over hundreds of miles of rugged western U.S. terrain. McNamara argued that no single Soviet missile—no matter how big—could be expected to knock out more than two silos at once. Less reassuring is the fact that the Minutemen's hardened sites have never been tested definitively by nuclear explosion effects, and McNamara admitted there are "uncertainties" in the design. But if the silos did survive the crushing pressures and ground fires of a first strike, the Minutemen would blast off with a combined power of hundreds of megatons. Already, they are aimed (by special tapes at SAC's underground command post near Omaha) at Russian and Chinese Communist targets, over 5,000 miles away.

"In addition," said McNamara, "we have duplicative facilities which will in the future include the capability of launching each individual Minuteman by a signal from airborne control posts." The mobile control posts are KC-135 jet tankers of the Strategic Air Command which have been converted into communications centers under the control of an Air Force general officer. Such an officer could, from his airborne headquarters, launch the Minuteman flights.

Safe at Sea. The Minutemen, however powerfully protected, are immobile. But the submarine-based Polaris missile relies on swift movement and concealment. The Polaris A-2 has a range of 1,725 miles, can fire at Russia or China from beneath the ocean's surface. Thus, even if a significant number of Minutemen were knocked out, virtually all the Polaris missiles would survive to strike back.

Following the Minuteman and Polaris on the arsenal list is the Army's upcoming Pershing missile—a 400-mile supersonic "tactical" weapon that can

be zipped around combat areas via truck, helicopter or airplane. It can be set up, aimed and fired from its portable launcher in less than an hour; it delivers a bang of up to one megaton—which makes it a threat to entire cities, if needed.

The rest of the tactical atomic wallop comes in comparatively "little" packages. Yet many of these nuclear runts can carry up to a 100-kiloton load—which is five times the power of the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima. These include the Army's 75-mile Sergeant (now replacing the aging Corporal), Lacrosse (for pinpoint blasting of pillboxes, bunkers, etc. less than 20 miles away), the 12-mile Honest John and the 10-mile Little John, the 1,200-yard Davy Crockett (smallest of all the nuclear weapons, it can be hauled about on a Jeep, is designed to blast such targets as tanks, gun emplacements, troop concentrations). The Navy has the 8-mile Asroc and the 11-mile Astor (both ship-launched torpedoes), the 65-mile Talos (a ship-launched, 1,850-m.p.h. anti-aircraft and shore-bombardment weapon), the not-yet-operational 25-mile Subroc (a submarine-launched antisubmarine rocket), and the Navy and Air Force both use the 6-mile Bullpup (fired from airplanes at tactical ground targets).

Upsetting the Balance. Thus, the offensive potential of the U.S. atomic arsenal is staggering. But offense is by no means everything—and serious questions have been raised about the possible effect of the test ban treaty on U.S. development of an anti-missile missile system. Said Dr. Edward Teller, pioneering scientist in the development of the H-bomb, in his testimony before a Senate subcommittee last week: "The fact that an atmospheric test ban interferes with the development of our missile defense is one of the most serious objections to the proposed partial test ban. An effective defense against

ballistic missiles is one of the developments which can upset the strategic balance between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. In this field the Soviet Union is at present ahead of us."

In the anti-ICBM area, there seems to be some confusion at the highest levels of the Kennedy Administration. Only three weeks ago, President Kennedy seemed to throw up his hands at the very notion that an effective defense system could be devised against enemy missiles. Said he at a press conference: "The problem of developing a defense against a missile is beyond us and beyond the Soviets technically, and I think many who work on it feel that perhaps it can never successfully be accomplished."

McNamara is not that pessimistic, although he obviously entertains grave doubts about U.S. ability to develop an effective anti-missile defense system. And he certainly seems to disagree with Teller's belief that the Soviet Union is well ahead of the U.S. in that field. Said he to the Senators last week: "Any deployed system which the Soviets are likely to have in the near future will probably not be as effective, almost certainly not more effective, than the Nike-Zeus."

Ideal Intercept. But in his very next breath, McNamara noted that he considered the Nike-Zeus to be "inadequate." In fact, Nike-Zeus is a high-altitude (above 70 miles) operator which in past tests in the Kwajalein area of the



TITAN II SITE IN ARIZONA
Instead of the superbomb, a strategy of saturation.

TIME, AUGUST 23, 1963



TITAN I ON PAD



ATLAS IN KANSAS
Deployed to survive.

Pacific has made at least seven successful intercepts of Atlas missiles. But those tests were carried out under ideal intercept conditions, with the courses of the "enemy" Atlases pretty well known beforehand. With this in mind, McNamara believes that the Nike-Zeus, having already cost the U.S. millions of dollars, is not worth the further billions of full-scale development and deployment. Instead, the U.S. is now trying to develop the Nike-X, an anti-missile missile that in many ways makes Nike-Zeus look like a Tin Lizzie. Nike-X will use a single target-finding system (compared with Zeus's antiquated multicomponent system), and it will knock down missiles at both high and low altitudes. And in McNamara's opinion, even Nike-X may not, in terms of effectiveness, be worth all the trouble.

But to McNamara, all that sort of debate is really irrelevant to the issue of the test ban treaty. Said he to the Senate group last week: "In designing an antiballistic missile system, the major factors are reaction speed, missile performance, traffic-handling capacity, capacity for decoy discrimination, resistance to blackout effects and warhead technology." Only these last two depend on atmospheric testing.

The reaction speed of such a missile must be almost instantaneous to blast off the ground, intercept and, through a precisely timed nuclear blast, destroy enemy missiles coming in at 17,000 miles an hour. "Traffic handling" refers to a system that prevents a flock of U.S. anti-missile missiles from blowing up each other as they climb to find enemy weapons. "Decoy discrimination" is a system that keeps the ABM from exploding harmlessly on contact with phony missiles and other chaff shot along with an attack. "Blackout effects" are caused by nuclear explosions of

ABMs attacking an enemy bombardment, disrupt sound and electronic impulses in the gear that is tracking the incoming missiles.

As McNamara said, work on most of these problems could be carried out without the atmospheric atomic tests that would be banned by the treaty. Atmospheric tests would surely be useful in perfecting a warhead for an anti-missile missile, but McNamara insisted that satisfactory progress could also be achieved with the underground tests that the treaty permits. As for solving the blackout problem, which cannot be duplicated without actual atmospheric testing, McNamara only said lamely: "We will be able to design around the remaining uncertainties."

Caveat to Cheaters. But what might be the effect upon today's U.S. nuclear superiority of Russian treaty cheating? McNamara argued that the U.S. could almost certainly detect any Russian nuclear tests of a size worth conducting. He conceded that the Soviets might get away with a test in deep space—20 million or more miles away from the earth—but such tests "would involve years of preparation, plus several months to a year of actual execution, and they could cost hundreds of millions of dollars per successful experiment." Anyway, he said, the U.S. plans to launch within two months twin satellites under the Vela-Hotel program (TIME, Aug. 9). These space-nuclear detectors are designed to spot unshielded nuclear blasts 200 million miles away from the earth.

The U.S. is also considering ordering more high-flying U-2 aircraft for scooping radioactive debris out of the air, more acoustic and pressure-sensing devices for feeling the pressure waves of a nuclear blast, more sensitive radio devices for detecting a shift in radio signals caused by 10,000-mile-high blasts, more instruments for spotting fluorescence caused when X rays from a nuclear explosion in space excite nitrogen in the ionosphere.

Still, what if the Soviets suddenly abrogated the treaty and started testings without attempt at concealment? McNamara, again, was reassuring: "The consensus is that the Soviets could not in a single series of tests, however carefully planned, achieve a significant or permanent lead in the strategic field, much less a 'superweapon' capable of neutralizing our deterrent force." More important, McNamara promised that the U.S. would maintain "the vitality of our weapons laboratories" and "the administrative and logistic capabilities required to conduct a test series in any environment."

Lead from Strength. Throughout his testimony, McNamara—sometimes in the past a thin-skinned congressional witness—displayed calm confidence, repeated his conviction that the U.S., in the immensity of its nuclear arsenal, will maintain, or even increase, its military superiority over the rest of the world's powers. He faced squarely up to the fact

that there are risks under the treaty provisions: "I do not pretend that this or any other agreement between great, contending powers can be risk-free. This one is not. Perhaps the most serious risk of this treaty is the risk of euphoria. We must guard against a condition of mind which allows us to become lax in our defenses." But he pledged against such laxity: "This treaty is a product of Western strength. Further progress in arms-control arrangements with the Soviet Union—progress which we all want to make—depends critically on the maintenance of that strength."

Certainly, no Government leader with any semblance of sanity would ever publicly advocate anything but maintaining vastly superior U.S. nuclear strength. But an omnipotent arsenal must continue to be a fact—never just a politician's platitude.

Although the U.S. no longer has a perfect world monopoly on atomic power, as it had in the late 1940s, its strength is still so overwhelming that it can indeed use it to preserve the peace with the absolute confidence it had 15 years ago. Thus, any treaty-inspired euphoria that softens the arsenal or lets down the nuclear guard is unthinkable.

Where the Answer Lies

In addition to Secretary McNamara, those testifying last week before the Senate committee on behalf of the test ban treaty were: Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Glenn Seaborg, Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Maxwell Taylor, and Central Intelligence Agency Director John McCone. The case they



NIKE-ZEUS IN CALIFORNIA
Clouded by uncertainty.

made was convincing—even though it did not relieve some Senators' doubts.

Another Step. Rusk led off. Some people, he said quietly, might wonder why three successive U.S. Administrations have exerted so much effort trying to reach a nuclear test ban agreement, even while accumulating stockpiles of nuclear weapons. "The answer," said Rusk, "lies at the heart of the dilemma which troubles our world. The values that are the heritage of a free society have been menaced by a Communist bloc armed with the most modern weapons and intent on world domination."

The proposed treaty, Rusk admitted, left many perilous cold war conflicts still at issue. But it might—just might—be the beginning of an end to the nuclear armaments race. Said Rusk: "For 17 years all men have lived in the shadow of fear. But if the promise of this treaty can be realized, if we can now take even this one step along a new course, then frail and fearful mankind may find another step and another, until confidence replaces terror and hope takes over from despair."

Like McNamara, who followed him, Rusk vowed that the U.S. will remain vigilant against the possibility of Soviet duplicity. Said he: "We shall be on the alert for any violations, and we have a high degree of confidence in our ability to detect them." In fact, Rusk went out of his way to assure the Senators that the Administration is, not so naive as to think the treaty is based on mutual trust. "I don't believe that an agreement of this sort can rest upon the elements of faith and trust. The Soviet Union does not trust the United States. We do not trust the Soviet Union."

Another Pressure. In order, Seaborg, Taylor and McCone backed up the Rusk-McNamara argument that the treaty is in the best interests of the U.S. The Senate committeemen had been particularly anxious to hear Taylor. Did the Joint Chiefs of Staff, professional military men less interested in diplomatic advances than in U.S. might, support the test ban? Yes, said Taylor, they did. But some Senators were still concerned lest the Joint Chiefs had come to that decision not out of conviction but under pressure from the civilians of the Kennedy Administration. That fret was expressed in an exchange between Georgia's Democratic Senator Richard Russell, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, and Taylor:

Russell: Now, we hear a good deal in this day and time about pressures that are brought to bear on the Joint Chiefs to cause them to surrender purely military views to what might be called political considerations of one kind or another . . . Have any unusual pressures been brought to bear on you or any other members of the Joint Chiefs to your knowledge in consideration of this treaty?

Taylor: Not in the sense that you

suggest, Senator Russell. Obviously, we are always under pressure of various sorts. We have the pressures of our services, we have the pressures of our conscience, we have the pressures of our duty to our country. Many vectors are constantly bearing on the Chiefs of Staff.

Russell: I am aware of those. We have some of those on the Hill, and we also have some of the so-called arm-twisting kind . . . I was referring to the arm-twisting kind by superiors.

Taylor: No, sir; definitely not.

Taylor did, however, make clear that the Joint Chiefs supported the treaty only if it were implemented by "adequate safeguards." These were: 1) continuance of "comprehensive and aggressive" U.S. underground testing; 2) maintenance of "modern nuclear laboratory facilities and programs" to keep U.S. nuclear technology moving even during the treaty's lifetime; 3) readiness to promptly resume atmospheric testing if the Soviets violate the agreement; and 4) work toward improving U.S. capability of detecting covert atmospheric tests.

Another Treaty. The necessity for these safeguards had also been weighing heavily on the mind of Washington's Democratic Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, a member of both the Senate Armed Services and Joint Atomic Energy committees. Jackson, one of the Senate's most knowledgeable and influential authorities on nuclear defense policy, had earlier indicated the possibility that he might vote against the treaty. Even now, he wanted to see Taylor's assurances in writing. He submitted a resolution, which the Armed Services committeemen speedily adopted, that would require the Joint Chiefs to present in print their specific requirements for carrying out the safeguards. These, he insisted, were "part and parcel of the Senate's ability to vote intelligently" on the treaty.

In all probability, Jackson will wind up voting for the treaty. So, almost certainly, will the two-thirds of the Senate that the treaty needs for ratification. But before then, the Senators plainly intend to keep right on asking questions that can, in the long run, be only of benefit to the U.S.

THE CONGRESS

Long Step Toward a Tax Cut

A major tax-cut bill, with a few bows toward reform of the basic inequities in the U.S. tax structure, was finally headed toward the floor of Congress last week.

As approved by a 19-4 vote of the House Ways and Means Committee, the bill calls for an \$11.7 billion cut to take effect over the next two years. Of that, about \$9.5 billion would be in individual income tax slashes and about \$2.2 billion in corporate tax reductions.

Two-thirds of the individual income tax cut would apply to 1964 income,



POLARIS LAUNCH SEQUENCE
Rising out of the sea.

the rest to 1965. Present rates range from a minimum of 20% of taxable income in the lowest brackets to an excessive 91% in the highest; the Ways and Means Committee bill would change that range to 14%-70%. The income tax rate now paid by some 51 million Americans would be cut by an average 18.7% (see box).

The range for individuals is higher than the 14%-65% that the Kennedy Administration had originally asked for. But Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon appeared before Ways and Means early last week, approved of the committee change. The smaller reductions, Dillon felt, were necessary because the committee, under the chairmanship of Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills, had already dumped many other Administration proposals aimed at increasing tax revenues.

In much the same way, the Administration had originally asked for a corporate tax-rate cut of 5%, from the present 52% to 47%, starting next year, but is now willing to go along with the Ways and Means version that calls for corporate taxes to be lowered to 50% in 1964 and 48% in 1965.

In all, Kennedy originally recommended tax cuts totaling some \$13.6 billion. But the Administration also figured on offsetting \$3.3 billion of that by closing tax loopholes and correcting inequities. Wilbur Mills, a longtime advocate of real, radical, start-from-scratch tax reform, was unwilling to go along with the Administration's halfway measures. The result was ironical: Under Mills, the Ways and Means Committee approved provisions that would save only about \$700 million, as against the \$3.3 billion the Administration had hoped for. Items:

- **CAPITAL GAINS.** Kennedy had asked that the capital gains tax on profits from the sale of assets held for one year or longer be reduced from a maximum of 25% to a maximum of 19.5%. (At present, gains on assets held six months or longer are considered long-term; shorter-term gains are taxed at regular income rates.) The committee decided instead on a new rate of 21% and required that assets be held two years or longer to qualify. The committee turned down a Kennedy request that the amount of an estate that has resulted from appreciation of assets be taxed as capital gains when the estate passes to an heir.

- **STOCK DIVIDENDS.** Kennedy asked repeal of provisions that now allow a stockholder 1) to exclude from taxable income the first \$50 of dividends received in a year, and 2) to subtract 4% of dividends beyond that amount directly from his tax bill. The committee repealed the 4% deduction, but it doubled the \$50 exclusion.

- **SICK PAY.** Kennedy asked for repeal of a provision permitting taxpayers to exclude from taxation the pay they receive while sick (up to \$100 a week). The committee instead recommended



MILLS & DILLON
And yet Harry's in no hurry.

that sick pay be considered tax-free after the recipient has been off the job for 30 days.

- **CASUALTY LOSSES.** Kennedy asked that casualty losses, now deductible in full (even the dented car fender), be allowed only to the extent that they exceed 4% of income. The committee in-

stead decided to prohibit deduction of the first \$100 of each casualty loss.

- **GROUP LIFE INSURANCE.** Kennedy argued that an employer's payments for term life insurance for employees represent income to them and should be taxed as such. He proposed that the company's payments on policies exceeding \$5,000 be taxed. The committee settled on a \$30,000 cutoff.

The Ways and Means Committee vote was a vital first step toward passage of a tax bill. But several steps remain—and the bill could stumble on any one of them. Even with House passage, it must go through the Senate Finance Committee, headed by Virginia Democrat Harry Byrd, who opposes a tax cut unless it is accompanied by deep cuts in spending. Byrd has not yet even started to hold committee hearings—and he is in no rush to begin.

Since committee hearings are generally recessed while a Senate filibuster is in progress, Byrd may never have to hold any, if the Administration's civil rights bill provokes the expected filibuster. Byrd doubts that the tax bill will reach a vote on the Senate floor this year. Although he is often right in such forecasts, a good many things are working against him this time. Not least among these is the fact that the Kennedy Administration, mindful of the political advantages of a tax cut in an election year, is determined to go all out for the bill.

DEAR TAXPAYER: GET OUT YOUR PENCIL

Under the individual income-tax cuts recommended by the House Ways and Means Committee, rates would be lowered in two stages over the next two years. The table below compares present rates on various income brackets with proposed rates. The left-hand column shows taxable income in thousands of dollars. The rates apply to married taxpayers filing joint returns. All that remains is for the taxpayer to get out his pencil and figure how much he will be saved—if the reduction ever actually becomes law.

Taxable Income Bracket	Present Rates %	Proposed Rates (two stages)	
		1964 %	1965 %
0-1	20	16	14
1-2	20	16.5	15
2-3	20	17.5	16
3-4	20	18	17
4-8	22	20	19
8-12	26	23.5	22
12-16	30	27	25
16-20	34	30.5	28
20-24	38	34	32
24-28	43	37.5	36
28-32	47	41	39
32-36	50	44.5	42
36-40	53	47.5	45
40-44	56	50.5	48
44-52	59	53.5	50
52-64	62	56	53
64-76	65	58.5	55
76-88	69	61	58
88-100	72	63.5	60
100-120	75	66	62
120-140	78	68.5	64
140-160	81	71	66
160-180	84	73.5	68
180-200	87	75	69
200-300	89	76.5	70
300-400	90	76.5	70
400 and over	91	77	70

Work Done

Last week the Congress also:

- Passed, by a 287-to-113 House vote, a \$1.2 billion, five-year, bricks-and-mortar higher education bill to help the nation's 700 public and 1,300 private and church-connected colleges and universities build badly needed classrooms, libraries and laboratories. Different versions of the same measure were approved last year on the floors of both the Senate and the House, but got involved in a bitter House-Senate conference battle. While the conference committee changes were being considered in the House, the powerful National Education Association wired every Congressman, warning that the measure imperiled "America's traditional concept of separation of church and state." That killed the bill for the year. But this year the N.E.A. dropped its opposition, even lobbied for the bill. Prospects for Senate approval of this year's House version are considered hopeful.

- Approved, by a 47-44 Senate vote, a bill creating a National Service Corps—more popularly called the Domestic Peace Corps. The bill, which faces a dubious future in the House, authorizes expenditures of \$5,000,000 during the current fiscal year and \$10 million the next year. The initial enrollment is set at 1,000, with corps men and women to be paid \$7.5 a month and furnished minimal housing, travel and living expenses.

- Voted, in the House Commerce Committee, to cut the President's pro-

posed mental illness and retardation program by more than 70%, from \$848 million to \$238 million. The measure now goes to the House floor.

► Cleared, in the House Rules Committee, the \$4.1 billion foreign aid bill (down \$400 million from the Administration's original request) for debate beginning this week.

THE PRESIDENCY

Home Again

The First Lady of the U.S. arose early, donned a pink shift and distributed gifts (lithographs of the White House inscribed: "With deep appreciation, Jacqueline Kennedy, August, 1963") to the doctors and nurses. She was anxious to leave, and at 10:43 a.m., Joe Kennedy's blue Chrysler limousine pulled up to building 3707 at Otis Air Force Base. President Kennedy entered the squat, lime-hued hospital wing, emerged four minutes later, his left hand firmly clasping his wife's right. The sun had broken through a grey overcast. They looked, remarked a bystander, "like a couple of school kids." Thus Jackie Kennedy, smiling faintly, went home last week, after the birth and death of her son Patrick.

Within ten minutes after taking off from the airbase helipad, the chopper carrying Jackie, Jack and Dr. John Walsh set down in a 35-m.p.h. wind on Squaw Island, site of Brambletyde, the Kennedys' shingle-sided, rented summer home. Obstetrician Walsh advised Jackie to abandon her social calendar for the remainder of the year, including the upcoming state dinners for the King of Afghanistan Sept. 5 and the Emperor of Ethiopia Oct. 1, to ensure "complete rehabilitation and continuing good health."



LEAVING THE OTIS BASE

"Like a couple of school kids."



"LIBERAL" GOLDBERG



"CONSERVATIVE" HARLAN

A difference articulated in rare style.

THE SUPREME COURT

Speaking of the Split

The U.S. Supreme Court has often seemed as notable for the frequency of its 5-4 split decisions as for the substance of the decisions themselves. And the past few months have certainly been no exception.

As the court now stands, the usual five-member majority (consisting of Chief Justice Earl Warren and Justices Hugo Black, William Douglas, William Brennan Jr. and Arthur Goldberg) is characterized as "liberal." The four-member minority (Justices Tom Clark, John Marshall Harlan, Potter Stewart and Byron White) is called "conservative." But once those labels are attached, comes the rub—and a prodigious amount of punditical energy is used in trying to describe the difference between a Supreme Court liberal and a Supreme Court conservative.

"A National Schoolmaster." That difference, of course, lies in the conflict between the liberal notion that the Supreme Court should interpret the law according to the individual, often individualistic, sense of justice and injustice of its members, and the conservative proposition that Supreme Court decisions must be limited by the constitutional and legislative laws of the land. Last week two justices—Goldberg for the liberals and Harlan for the conservatives—spoke at the annual convention of the American Bar Association in Chicago and articulated, as rarely before, the difference between the two viewpoints.

Goldberg, speaking first, argued for a wide-open-door policy in Supreme Court interpretation of the law. Said he: "Reassertion of the fundamental character of the Constitution, not as a treaty between the States, but rather as a charter emanating directly from the people, is ever necessary in the face of assertions, made even to this day, that the

States, or rather their legislatures, are to be the final judges of their own powers and those of the national government. . . . These echoes of nullification are denied by the Constitution itself and by our national experience. They have no place in our day when our unity as a people is indispensable for survival.

"It has been rightly said of our court that it is a national schoolmaster, and of our opinions that they represent the dialogue of the participants in a great seminar dedicated to the realization of the goals and values of our constitutional democracy."

"Subtle Mischief." The next day, Harlan spoke—and his ideas could hardly have been more divergent. Said Harlan: "One of the current notions that holds subtle capacity for serious mischief is a view of the judicial function that seems increasingly coming into vogue. This is that all deficiencies in our society which have failed of correction by other means should find a cure in the courts. . . . Some well-meaning people apparently believe that the judicial, rather than the political, process is more likely to breed better solutions of pressing or thorny problems. This is a compliment to the judiciary, but untrue to democratic principle.

"A judicial decision which is founded simply on the impulse that 'something should be done,' or which looks no further than to the 'justice' or 'injustice' of a particular case, is not likely to have lasting influence. . . . Our scheme of ordered liberty is based, like the common law, on enlightened and uniformly applied legal principle, not on *ad hoc* notions of what is right or wrong in a particular case."

* Harlan is the grandson of the first Justice John Marshall Harlan, the Supreme Court's "Great Dissenter" (316 dissents in his 33 years on the high court bench). In 1896 he prophetically dissented from the court's opinion that state laws providing "separate but equal" facilities for Negroes were constitutional.

REPUBLICANS

No Enter, No Win

The surveys stayed sad for New York's Nelson Rockefeller. Ever since his divorce and remarriage, his presidential popularity has been sagging—and last week the Gallup poll reported that things are getting worse, not better.

Among Republican voters, Rockefeller trailed Barry Goldwater last July in a presidential preference poll. Last week's Gallup survey had Rocky even farther behind, with Michigan's Governor George Romney moving up fast on the outside. The figures:

	July	Now
Goldwater	39%	39%
Rockefeller	27%	22%
Romney	14%	21%

Another Gallup canvass, this one taken in the once-solid Democratic South, also came as bad news to Rockefeller. It pitted Goldwater, Rocky and Romney against one another in a series of trial heats against President Kennedy. Of the three, Rocky was the only Republican who would fail to carry the region.* The statistics:

Goldwater	54%
Kennedy	38%
Romney	47%
Kennedy	40%
Kennedy	44%
Rockefeller	39%

To Rocky, vacationing most of last week at his Seal Harbor, Me., estate, such statistics could only portend disaster. There is, of course, no doubt that

* Mostly because of the civil rights issue, States-Righter Goldwater is almost as popular as Kennedy is unpopular. A couple of small signs of Southern political times: in Miami a newspaper ad for PT 109, the movie about Kennedy's wartime exploits, included: "For those patrons who are not J.F.K. supporters, we have free Goldwater bumper strips." In Thomasville, Ga., a theater operator advertised: "See the Japs almost get Kennedy."



"AND YOU CAN ALSO HAVE CUSTODY OF THE CHILDREN."

he means to seek the G.O.P. presidential nomination next year. But he had meant to play things fairly cautiously. And now, in the face of all the worsening word, he was forced to step up his schedule. On his direct orders, Rocky's aides last week fanned out about the nation to assure G.O.P. leaders that "we are in the fight all the way," and to say that Rocky would test his popularity in—at least—the New Hampshire presidential primary on March 10 and the California beauty contest on June 2.

Victories in those primaries would surely enhance Rocky's chances. But, at his present status of esteem, he is almost certainly whistling in the dark if he thinks that primary wins in those two carefully selected states will get him the Republican Party's 1964 presidential nomination. What he really needs is a sweep of almost all the states that hold presidential primaries. And if he doesn't enter 'em, he can't win 'em.

DEMOCRATS

Shooting at Big Daddy

"It's a little like being the fastest gun in the West," mused Jesse ("Big Daddy") Unruh, speaker of the California Assembly and 265-lb. strongman of his state's Democratic politics. "Every punk who comes around wants to try you out for size." Unruh knew what he was talking about: he was, after all, being shot at from all sides.

Among Unruh's many critics is Bart Lytton, a Los Angeles savings and loan millionaire, who does not believe Unruh has paid him the deference he deserves as one of California's top Democratic fund raisers. Unruh describes Lytton as "a mad genius, in equal parts." Lytton recently suggested that President Kennedy name Unruh to replace outgoing U.S. Postmaster General J. Edward Day. Explained Lytton: "There is a growing feeling among prominent and responsible Democrats that if Unruh is the issue in 1964, we'll probably lose the state. I am trying to advance his career beyond the borders of California."

When he heard of Lytton's notion, Ed Day, himself a sometime Californian, said: "I am confident that the President will not appoint a man whose main qualifications are political manipulation and power plays. I am sure the President wants a continuation of the emphasis on better mail service rather than boss politics in the Post Office Department." Lytton's gibes did not bother Big Daddy a bit, but Day's did. After all, Unruh had recommended Day to the President for the Postmaster General's office in the first place.

How to Disagree. Perhaps the noisiest of Unruh's critics are the leaders of the California Democratic Council, a liberal organization of some 75,000 members that can produce a lot of votes on Election Day but is not very effective between times. Unruh considers the CDCers a bunch of dreamy, trouble-



CALIFORNIA'S UNRUH

So far, no blood on the podium.

making amateurs. He recently pushed through the California legislature a bill requiring the C.D.C. and similar groups to serve notice on all political advertisements that they are "unofficial" political organizations—and to specify, in large type, that such "notice to voters is required by law." Moans C.D.C. President Thomas Carvey: "This is a sort of poison label. It implies that there's something wrong with the endorsement—just as you might start worrying about a can of food if it carried that kind of notice."

The C.D.C. has accused Unruh of being a "boss," a "bully" and a "dictator." Last week, when Vice President Lyndon Johnson arrived in Sacramento to attend a California State Democratic convention, he was greeted at the airport by a forest of placards saying: "Down with Big Daddy." Upset by such evidence of Democratic discord, Johnson pleaded: "If we must disagree, let's disagree without being disagreeable."

How to Stay Out. Unruh's enemies are not, of course, all Democrats. Just a couple of weeks ago, in successfully pushing through the legislature a bill to augment Democratic Governor Pat Brown's \$3 billion state budget, speaker Unruh took advantage of a quorum-requiring "call of the house" to lock up foot-dragging Republicans overnight in the state capitol; he made the Republicans even madder by offering them the use of his own razor and shower bath if needed. Cried Republican State Chairman Caspar Weinberger, ordinarily a mild-mannered fellow: "These are tactics Stalin, Hitler and other dictators used."

For all Unruh's critics, he is likely to remain a power in California politics for some time. The Kennedy Administration loves him; it gives him the major

share of credit for carrying Los Angeles County for Jack Kennedy in 1960. Last week White House spokesmen made it clear that Unruh is still the Administration's favorite Democrat in the nation's most populous state. As for Big Daddy himself, he could only mourn: "Sometimes I think the only thing I could do to stay out of controversy would be to cut my throat. But then they'd blame me for bloodying up the speaker's podium."

CRIME

The Amateurs

Time was when the bank robber was the prince of professional criminals. But nowadays, it seems, the rank amateurs can knock over a bank—and a remarkable number of them are trying it. In 1932, the bank-heisting heyday of John Dillinger and his ilk, there were only 606 bank robberies in the U.S. Last year the FBI reported a record number of 1,250, and the pace is even faster in 1963.

One reason for the outbreak is the proliferation of branch banks, many of them lightly guarded, in U.S. suburbs. It is, therefore, almost inevitable that the highest number of bank holdups is in that state of sprawling suburbia—California. So far this year, there have been 103 bank robberies just in Los Angeles County, an average of two for every three banking days. The holdup men average \$6,000—and receive an average seven years in jail if caught. Federal Judge Thurmond Clarke sentences two or three each week in his Los Angeles court. Some 90% of the robbers are amateurs, says Clarke.

Typical of the California heisters was Lynne Kilpatrick Swisher, 18, who stuck up a Wells Fargo bank in San Francisco, got away with \$456, but turned herself in a week later. She had used the money for a trip to Hawaii and told cops: "It was worth five years in jail to me. I've had a wonderful vacation, a real ball."

A 21-year-old man was picked up by



LEWIS WITH WIFE

But she wasn't supposed to catch fire.

Los Angeles police after he tried to rob two banks by threatening tellers with a baseball bat. A housewife left her two children eating candy at a bus-stop in Hermosa Beach, stuck up a Bank of America branch at toy gun point for \$4,000, picked up her kids and strolled away. She was arrested down the street.

Ludicrous as some of these amateurs' efforts are, they do not amuse the cops. Growls one Los Angeles veteran: "When you take loot, you've lost your amateur standing."

CIVIL RIGHTS

A Real Rogue

Robert Lewis, 36, a sometime Western Union messenger, liked to hang around the only grocery store in Walnut, Calif. (pop. 929) and bend Co-Owner Leonard Harvey's ear. "I'm proud to say I got nothing against the Negro," Lewis would boast. "Why, I served with them in the Army for eight years, eleven months and 23 days." Grocer Harvey listened sympathetically; after all, he and the rest of Walnut knew that Lewis was the Negro's champion, and had thereby got himself on somebody's hate list.

Lewis' troubles began last December, after the Walnut town fathers refused his demand that they build a road to his one-acre lot on a bungalow-filled slope grandly misnamed Castle Hill. His wife Eva threatened to retaliate by selling the property to Negroes.

A Blazing Shotgun. Two days later, a fire nearly destroyed the Lewises' small home, forced them to move to nearby Pomona. After they returned in May, they reported a series of thefts. Next, the Lewises insisted, they were plagued by a shotgun blast that tore into their house while they were eating; by carloads of white teen-agers who roared by, jeering "nigger lover"; by young white hoodlums accosting their six children, even to the point of shoving the youngest daughter, on her tricycle, down Castle Hill toward traffic.

All this, the Lewises claimed, was because they had offered their property for sale to Negroes. But local cops had their doubts. For one thing, Walnut had no history whatever of racial dis-



KATHY HARWELL IN AMBULANCE

cord. For another, evidence indicated that the fire in the Lewis home had not been caused by outsiders. For still another thing, the police had only the Lewises' say-so that all those other incidents had ever really happened.

Bubbling Tar. Maybe they hadn't. As it turned out last week, Robert Lewis was the worst, or maybe merely the zaniest, rogue who had yet tried to turn the surging U.S. civil rights movement to his own purposes. He had somehow figured that by complaining of persecution for his championship of Negroes, he might yet coerce Walnut into building that road to his property on Castle Hill. When the cops began throwing his complaints into their "crank" file, he came up with a real nifty.

Lewis persuaded a friend, one Kathy Harwell, 26, a divorcee and the mother of two, to stay in his house and play the part of the tarred-and-feathered "victim" of segregationist hoodlums. And so, one night last week, Robert and Eva Lewis stripped Kathy Harwell to the waist (she insisted on keeping on her bra), sopped her in tar, sprinkled on the feathers, and bound her arms. They then headed for the county sheriff's office to report another minor incident—and to give themselves an alibi. To make things even more realistic, another young female friend of the Lewises set what was supposed to be a small fire at the rear of the Lewis house.

The way Kathy Harwell had heard it, no real harm would be done to anyone—least of all to her. But things went rather awry. The blaze did not engulf the house—but it certainly raised the temperature, causing the tar that encased Kathy's body to bubble. By the time firemen finally got there, Kathy had suffered bad burns over much of her body. Taken to a hospital, she told all about Robert and Eva Lewis, but insisted: "They didn't plan on me catching fire." She even managed an agonized quip: "I feel like a well-done hot dog." At week's end doctors were battling to save her life.



LYNNE SWISHER

While it lasted, a ball.

THE HEMISPHERE



SANTIAGO'S CARDINAL SILVA HENRÍQUEZ
"We must not be reactionaries."

LATIN AMERICA

New Spirit in the Church

Those in Latin America who argue the need for widespread social changes used to regard the Roman Catholic Church as an enemy or a neutral—certainly not as an ally. But in several Latin American countries the late Pope John's influence—and in particular his 1961 encyclical *Mater et Magistra*, calling for social justice—set off a new spirit of reform and social action in the church.

No Time to Delay. In Colombia, though the church hierarchy remains magisterially conservative in the person of 71-year-old Luis Cardinal Córdoba, priests have led peasant protests, organized community stores to sell low-cost food to the poor, set up a radio network that beams reading lessons and farming instructions to remote villages. In Mexico (where since 1926 it has been illegal for priests to walk around in cassocks) and in Venezuela, churchmen have sponsored organizations of idealistic volunteers who, in Peace Corps fashion, seek to help the poor in slums and backlands.

Brazil's Roman Catholic hierarchy last year issued a broad appeal for reform, and in several states of Brazil, priests and bishops are actively engaged in trying to help workers secure better wages, education and housing. Last week Dom Helder Câmara, Auxiliary Archbishop of Rio, warned that delays in undertaking reforms of Latin America's social and economic structure "can be catastrophic."

More than Sermons. Perhaps the most outspoken advocate of social change and reform among Latin American prelates is Raúl Cardinal Silva Henríquez, 55, Archbishop of Santiago and primate of Chile. A square-jawed intel-

lectual, Cardinal Silva Henríquez collects pottery and rare books, tries to discourage visitors from kneeling to kiss his ring. Soon after his elevation to Cardinal last year, he issued three pastoral letters calling for broad land reform, public housing and school construction programs.

"Statistical studies," he said, "tell us that one-tenth of the Chilean population receives almost half of the national income. This had distribution of Chile's riches is paid for in malnutrition of the people." Practicing what Silva Henríquez preached about agrarian reform, the Roman Catholic Church in Chile undertook its own land-distribution program, parceling out 13,200 of its own acres in the Andean foothills, and providing financial and technical help to the new proprietors. Cardinal Silva Henríquez has also been the enthusiastic sponsor of Father Pedro Castex, a lively priest in a beret, who lives in the barest of shacks in the worst of Santiago's slums, where 180,000 people live, and who by sharing the lot of the poor has made the church's presence felt in a community that is ordinarily left to the Communists.

Last week Cardinal Silva Henríquez called upon Chile to speed up the pace of reform. "Social injustice and poverty," he said, "foster Communism. It is urgent to act quickly. We are at the brink. If we do not produce legal and immediate solutions, others can break in and take our place. It is necessary to be Christian with social justice, with charity, with brotherhood. We must not be reactionaries."

VENEZUELA

Breaking a Tradition In Favor of Democracy

Latin America's revolution-riddled history has made its leaders sensitive about the right of political asylum. Mindful that today's ins may be tomorrow's outs, new rulers often let a predecessor flee abroad, and do not try

to bring him back no matter how deserving of punishment he may be. In the U.S., for different reasons, the right of asylum has also been held in high regard. Until last week, no deposed chief of state who had taken refuge in the U.S. had ever been extradited to his homeland.

The Torture Chambers. Aware of both traditions, Venezuela's ex-Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez felt pretty secure when he fled to the U.S. after his overthrow in 1958. Tubby P.J. had left a lot of grandiose new buildings (including one of the world's grandest officers' clubs) behind him in Venezuela, but he had also left a lot of scars. A military strongman who gained dictatorial control of his country in 1948, P.J. poured Venezuela's rich oil royalties into an array of public works that made Caracas the most impressively prosperous-looking national capital in Latin America. But behind the building-boom façade, he operated a corrupt police state, with lush graft for insiders and imprisonment and torture for opponents. In P.J.'s torture chambers, prisoners were slashed with razors, burned with cigarettes, forced to sit for hours on blocks of ice. Some prisoners were force-fed harsh laxatives, and then, in a chamber of horrors awash with blood, excrement and vomit, they were forced to walk naked around a razor-sharp wheel rim.

When he escaped to Florida after the 1958 revolution, P.J. used part of the fortune he piled up as President to buy himself and his wife a \$225,000 mansion in Miami Beach and settled down for a nice palmy retirement. A year later, the unexpected occurred: the new Venezuelan government wanted him back to stand trial on charges of embezzling \$13.5 million. The country's new President, Rómulo Betancourt, a onetime Marxist who has since moved to the center and who had lived many years in exile, knew the benefits of benevolent asylum; but he was also convinced that if Venezuela was to move



MOTHER ILONA MARITA LORENZ

"Just like any common criminal."



EX-DICTATOR PÉREZ JIMÉNEZ

toward democracy, it had to break the cycle of graft-and-go leadership.

One Day to Go. Last December, a U.S. Court of Appeals finally ruled that Venezuela had grounds for extradition, and Pérez Jiménez was clamped in Miami's Dade County jail. Early last week Secretary of State Dean Rusk signed the extradition order, and Venezuelan security men hurried to Miami to take P.J. home. But his talented lawyers still had a few delaying moves left in their briefcases.

When a final U.S. court decision declares an alien subject to extradition, the country that wants him has to remove him from the U.S. within two months, or else the ruling lapses and a whole new proceeding must begin. For P.J., the two-month clock began ticking in mid-June, when the Supreme Court declined to hear his appeal. Last week, with the deadline nearing, P.J.'s lawyers tried to delay his departure by taking advantage of his involvement in various unfinished lawsuits. Among P.J.'s down-to-the-deadline legal troubles was a paternity suit brought by one Ilona Marita Lorenz, 24. With only one day to go, U.S. Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg ruled that there was no legal obstacle to P.J.'s extradition.

Venezuelan agents promptly loaded him aboard a chartered DC-6B, flew him home to a maximum-security cell in San Juan de los Morros prison, 50 miles southwest of Caracas. Though P.J. kept telling anyone who would listen that he would be killed when he got home, President Betancourt promised that he would be treated "just like any common criminal, and will be given the same rights."

BRAZIL

Sinking Currency

When Brazil broke loose from Portugal, its currency was called the real (ray-ah). After a decade of independence, the government had to proclaim a new unit of currency, awkwardly named the milreis (mill-rayss), meaning a thousand reals. Now, after many more rounds of inflation, the basic currency unit is the cruzeiro (crew-zay-roo), and inflation is shriveling it too. Its present exchange value is a small fraction of a cent. The 1,000-cruzeiro bill, long Brazil's biggest bank note, is worth only a little more than \$1.

Recognizing the need for a bigger note, the government has just issued the first batch of 5,000-cruzeiro bills—a relief to U.S. visitors, who find their pockets stuffed with string-tied wads of 500- and 1,000-cruzeiro bills. One effect of the new bills was to send the sinking cruzeiro into another downspin, from 850 per dollar to more than 900. "The new 5,000-cruzeiro notes," said a hurried Rio exchange-currency broker last week, "are already obsolete." He is so right. Before the Brazilian Congress is a new proposal to authorize 10,000-cruzeiro bills.

CUBA

Lessons from the Bad Old Days

Fidel Castro had an unexpected bit of advice for his countrymen: Learn some lessons from the way capitalism ran things in the pre-Castro days. Present-day Cuba, admitted Castro in a speech in Havana, is afflicted with loafing, mismanagement, overcentralization and red tape. "Some people here apparently believe that socialism is to mess up everything and entangle everything and make things impracticable and unworkable." Under capitalism, the owner at least "protected his interests," while the government-appointed manager of an expropriated enterprise "is not disposed to protect the interests of anybody because he has an assured salary." A U.S. "monopoly," Castro went on, "managed 330,000 acres of land here and did not manage them badly. Because they had a good organization and selected people well and demanded responsibility of them, it functioned well."

Castro also admitted that the revolution's dreams of rapid industrialization will have to wait. Agriculture, he said, "will be the base of our economy" for the next decade. "Why hurry to make a steel industry now when there are other more urgent things to be done?" Among the urgent tasks is the restoration of Cuban agriculture to the production levels it reached under capitalism. Last week the official Havana newspaper Hoy reported glumly that the 1963 sugar crop is the smallest since 1945.

COLOMBIA

Senseless Slaughter

Along a rural road in western Colombia early this month, some 40 men dressed as soldiers swarmed out from behind roadside houlders and halted an oncoming auto. Brandishing rifles and submachine guns, the men in uniform—bandits in disguise—ordered the three frightened riders out of the car, marched them to a nearby abandoned house, and tied them up. That done, the bandits returned to their hiding place beside the road.

During the next half-hour or so, the bandits halted a loaded passenger bus and three government trucks carrying road workers. Each time the captors herded their prisoners back to the house. Then, after systematically robbing them, the bandits cold-bloodedly beat and hacked 42 male prisoners to death with clubs and machetes. Several men and women were spared and later released; others managed to escape. In the town of Manzanera the day after the massacre, 24 of the victims were buried in a mass funeral.

The massacre was unmistakably the work of a bandit gang led by William Aranguren, nicknamed *Desquite* (Re-



FUNERAL PROCESSION FOR MASSACRE VICTIMS

"It will happen again."

venge). A onetime army private who flunked out of military police school, Aranguren wears an army captain's uniform, plans his attacks like grand military campaigns. To help assure his getaway after the slaughter, Aranguren had his men cut telephone lines to surrounding towns.

Last week 2,000 soldiers and policemen, aided by air force helicopters, were searching for the Aranguren gang. A detachment of troops caught up with the bandits one evening, but after an hour-long exchange of gunfire, darkness fell and the gang escaped. At week's end Aranguren was still at large, although authorities had offered rewards totaling 130,000 pesos (\$13,000) for information leading to his capture.

The Aranguren massacre was one of the bloodiest in Colombia's 15-year agony of backlands violence, which has cost well over 200,000 lives. What began in 1948 as partisan warfare between Liberals and Conservatives has degenerated over the years into banditry and blood lust virtually devoid of any political meaning. The senseless slaughter goes on although the Liberal and Conservative parties agreed to a truce in 1957. President Guillermo León Valencia, a Conservative, has pressed the search for known bandits; but the campaign to hunt them down appears to make some bandit chieftains all the more savage. Until the roadside massacre, Aranguren usually released his robbery victims, but after slaughtering the 42 men, he gave the survivors an ominous warning to carry away with them: "It will happen again."

THE WORLD

COLD WAR

The Nonsigners

In Washington the ambassadors were ushered into a floodlit anteroom and welcomed by Virginia Duke, a chic State Department employee with greying hair, who bears the title of Treaty Depository Officer. In Moscow a variety of Foreign Office types ushered the diplomats into a dazzling gold-and-white marble room in the Spiridonovka Palace. In both cities, and in London as well, the emissaries of nation after nation lined up to sign the nuclear test

The Slow Ones. China's antiretreat stand was backed by avowedly pro-Peking Albania, North Korea and North Viet Nam. So far, these are the only countries that have formally announced that they will not sign. But chary of angering the Chinese, other Asian nations have been slow to indicate their approval of the pact. They include Nepal, which lies in an exposed position in China's border conflict with India; Ceylon and Cambodia, both left-wing "neutrals"; and Indonesia, which is hopeful of Chinese support in any future action against the soon-to-be-born Malaysian federation.

To Moscow's consternation, the only Communist nation that has not yet spoken out one way or the other in the worldwide "referendum" is Cuba. Despite the \$1,000,000 a day that Russia is pouring into his island commune, Fidel Castro is still angry over Khrushchev's withdrawal of Soviet rockets last fall. Trying to make the Soviet leader sweat, Castro is obviously attempting to boost his price for supporting Russia in its struggle with the Chinese. But there is little doubt that Cuba will ultimately sign the treaty, for Castro needs Russia to buy his 3,800,000-ton sugar crop and to continue steady transfusion of economic aid.

The Lonely Ones. The sole nonsigner in the Western camp is France. Even Franco Spain, the only Western country which does not have diplomatic relations with Moscow, has signed the treaty, leaving France isolated from all its continental neighbors. Most galling to Charles de Gaulle was West Germany's decision to sign the pact after a reassuring pitch in Bonn by U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk. Bonn's action was doubly upsetting to France, for it followed an announcement that Germany and the U.S. will cooperate in the development of a new battle tank (TIME, Aug. 16); just three months ago, Paris was unable to reach agreement with the Germans on a similar project.

Both Bonn decisions raised the question of just how much the Franco-German friendship treaty is worth, and brought into the open the fact that West Germany still looks to the U.S. and not to France for leadership. Stubbornly France prepared for another atomic test in the Sahara, but De Gaulle's aspirations to French leadership of Europe were acutely demolished by Paris' Le Figaro. "If Khrushchev really becomes disturbed by the campaign conducted against him by China," said the paper, "and if he wants to have a certainty of peace on his Western front, then he will not come to seek agreement with France, which is negligible in his eyes, even with atomic weapons, but with the U.S., whose influence and power are one hundred times superior. This was proved at the recent conference in Moscow, where we shone by our absence."

WEST GERMANY

It Is Still There

Two years have passed since Berlin was severed by the Wall. On its anniversary last week, most West Berliners heeded official appeals to refrain from violent, futile demonstrations. Instead, they observed the day quietly by placing wreaths on the dozens of crosses marking each spot where a fleeing East German had been shot to death by Communist guards. Only late in the evening was the city's grave calm broken by a mob of some 2,000 hell-raising West Berliners who surged into the area around Checkpoint Charlie, hurling rocks and insults across the Wall into the Soviet sector.

If Germans have learned to live with the Berlin Wall and the deadly, 830-mile barricade that divides the rest of their nation, on neither side have they forgotten or forgiven its existence. The most eloquent evidence of East Germans' refusal to accept Sovietization is that 16,456 of them have risked their lives and fled to the West since the Wall went up. Among them were 1,304 members of East Germany's army and police force, enough to form 13 companies. At least 65 more East Germans are known to have been killed while attempting to escape.

Facts of Life. Despite this somber chronicle of flight and death, many politicians and pundits outside Germany still cling to the notion—based in part on deep-rooted fear of resurgent German power—that its people are gradually becoming reconciled to their country's partition. In West Germany itself, this view is accepted in some quarters,



SIGNING IN WASHINGTON*

Others shone by their absence.

ban treaty. Eventually, by State Department estimate, there will be more than 100 signatories. Khrushchev called it "a referendum on all continents." Inevitably, the world's attention focused on the nonsigners.

Chief among them is, of course, Red China. Heightening their bitter ideological quarrel with Moscow, the Chinese charged that four years ago Nikita Khrushchev had welshed on a promise to help them make atomic bombs because he wanted to present "a gift" to President Eisenhower on the eve of the Camp David talks. In a bitter radio attack, the Chinese said that the "real aim of the Soviet leaders" in negotiating the nuclear test ban "is to compromise with the U.S. in order to maintain a monopoly of nuclear weapons and lord it over the socialist camp." Peking added savagely that Khrushchev had committed an act of "betrayal" resulting in "open capitulation by the Soviet leaders to U.S. imperialism."

* Japanese Ambassador Ryuji Takeuchi; U.S. Negotiator Averell Harriman; William Foster, director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency; Depositor Duke.



"WATCH OUT!"



PHILOSOPHER JASPERS



WEST BERLINERS DEMONSTRATING ON ANNIVERSARY*
In a dreadful, dangerous strangeness.



AUTHOR JOHNSON

mostly because it is a fact of present European life that the Russians cannot be moved out of East Germany, except by war, a West German surrender to Communism, or some kind of settlement for which West Germany might have to pay a ruinous price. As a result, many Germans are beginning to ponder measures that fall short of actual reunification—such as trade pressure—designed to persuade Communist Boss Walter Ulbricht to give East Germans a little more freedom and a somewhat better life.

Franz Thedieck, State Secretary for All-German Affairs, said recently: "Of course we would like to see Germany reunited, but if there were conditions of freedom in East Germany the existence of one single German state would not be absolutely necessary." Existential Philosopher Karl Jaspers created a furor by suggesting in 1960 that his countrymen must accept changes in the map of Germany as part of their liability for Hitler. Many Germans now accept his thought: "The only thing that counts is freedom. Compared with that, reunification is a matter of indifference."

But the thought is largely academic, since it would be almost as difficult to liberalize the Ulbricht regime as to get the Russians out of East Germany. The Jaspers line thus may temper but does not eliminate the basic urge for reunification in a country which achieved national unity later than other European nations and is fiercely insistent on its ethnic identity. That fact is at the heart of Bonn's opposition to any East-West agreement that would formally or psychologically seal the status quo in Germany and Europe. Says a Western ambassador in Bonn: "The issue of German unity still has more explosive potential than any other issue on the political scene in Germany today. We'd be fools to underestimate it."

Shift to Right. Far from symbolically and physically sealing Germany's division, the Wall has become a constant, inescapable reminder to West Germany's 57 million citizens that 17 million

of their compatriots live in privation and terror. Older Germans, including distinguished Sociologist Helmut Schelsky, have warned repeatedly that a complacent younger generation will in time come to regard their compatriots "over there" as foreigners. However, German students on the whole seem to agree with Christa Roll, a 23-year-old Munich student, who argues that idealistic youngsters have been deeply affected by the Wall. Since it went up, she says, "the intellectual center of gravity has shifted to the right. Before that, a lot of liberals would still put in a good word for East Germany now and then. But the Wall changed them, for it was exactly the kind of ugly suppression that every progressive is supposedly fighting against."

Most Germans—even those who acknowledge that reunification cannot become reality in the foreseeable future—agree that it is a moral imperative. Recent opinion polls show that 54% of West Germany's citizens consider their country's division "an unbearable situation." Another survey, taken last year, indicated that 40% consider reunification the nation's most urgent problem; only 17% gave first priority to the preservation of peace. Evidence of their continuing concern for their kin in the rise in West Germans' shipments of food and clothing to Communist Germany: from 35 million in 1950, the number of packages crossing the border has risen to more than 52 million a year. A whole new literature in West Germany concerns itself with the alienation of East and West. "The dreaded dreadful strangeness," as Uwe Johnson wrote in *Speculations About Jakob*, in which friends and relatives divided by the border gradually cease to be individuals in each other's eyes, instead become political symbols.

Emotionally, at least, a united nation remains the aspiration of a vast majority of West Germans. The U.S. would only pave the way for a new and dangerous wave of German nationalism by ignoring it.

POLAND

Way of the Cross

At Jasna Gora monastery, the most sacred shrine in Poland, Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski last week blasted growing Communist efforts to curtail church activities. Speaking to groups of the more than 100,000 pilgrims gathered to celebrate the Feast of the Assumption, the cardinal cited a government ban on organized pilgrimages and protested against roadblocks where some pilgrims had been harassed during the trip to the shrine, enduring their own "Way of the Cross." Ostensibly, the ban resulted from a smallpox outbreak in the vicinity, but there was no interference with nonreligious tourists.

On another front, the Reds refused to let children at state-run summer camps attend Mass. Said Wyszynski: "The state does not have the right to prohibit everything. If a citizen does not demand his rights, he is no longer a citizen. He becomes a slave."

RUSSIA

Death for Hot Sweaters

Against a half-century of socialist dialectics, the profit motive still survives in Russia, in both honest and dishonest forms. Hardly a week goes by without another case of graft or "left-handed production"—the Russian nickname for clandestine manufacturing. Judging by three new scandals last week, the problem is getting worse.

► In the Ukraine, the woman bookkeeper of a collective farm, Yulya Kutasevich, stood accused of embezzling \$55,000 in collusion with the farm chairman and half a dozen other local officials. So well protected was the operation that even as Yulya went about her double-entry bookkeeping, she was singled out by regional commissars as the best collective-farm accountant in her district, sent on an expense-paid trip to Moscow. The swindle was discovered

* Banner reads: "When will the Wall fall?"

only after agents of the Department for the Struggle Against Embezzlement of Social Property dropped in for a routine inspection. Last week Yulya was sentenced to be shot, her male accomplices to long prison terms.

► In Moscow, 25 plant executives of the five-factory Leather Combine were awaiting trial, charged with diverting tons of their inventories. Most sensational was the confession of N. Medintzov, supervisor of Sporting Equipment Factory No. 2, that he had turned his back, for thousands of rubles a month in payoffs, while the chief of his cutting-floor section routed consignments of leather to distant Georgia (via the state railway). There it was secretly fashioned into fancy high-heeled shoes, which were smuggled back to Moscow—and snapped up by the Soviet capital's increasingly style-conscious women.

► In Odessa, the biggest of the trials involved one Comrade Kunyansky, chief engineer of the Defender of the Motherland knitted-goods factory. With two main accomplices, Kunyansky set up an undercover textile mill which, using government yarn, spun out 6,250 high-quality, snug-fitting women's sweaters that sold for 30 to 40 rubles each to budding Ukrainian sweater girls. The operation netted \$169,400, was not discovered for seven months. Last week the three ringleaders were ordered to face a firing squad, and 23 of their employees were sent to prison. Almost as impressive as their caper were the generous measurements of their product: an average size of 40 to 44.

PORTUGAL

Too Late in the Day

Portugal's ascetic Dictator António de Oliveira Salazar made one of his rare TV appearances last week (on film) to answer African demands that Portugal abandon its colonies. Having learned nothing and forgotten nothing, Salazar took a predictable stand: Portugal will



SALAZAR ON TV
Nothing learned.



PRIME MINISTER KENYATTA & HIGHLANDS FARM COUPLE
Much forgiven.

go to war rather than hudge in Africa.

During his hour-and-a-half speech, with time out for fortifying sips of port, Salazar appeared decrepit but sounded vigorous. Because of a wave of "black racism," he complained, Portugal's "civilizing mission" in Portuguese Guinea, Angola and Mozambique is in jeopardy. Asked Salazar: "Is the language that we teach those people superior to their dialects or not? Does the religion preached by the missionaries surpass fetishism or not? Is not belonging to a nation of civilized expression and world projection better than narrow regionalism without means for defense or progress?"

Reasonable questions, to be sure, but they simply came too late in the day—as did Salazar's offer to Africans of "the closest and most friendly cooperation, if they find it useful." Otherwise, Portugal would defend its territories "to the limit of our resources, if they think fit to turn their threats into acts of war." As for the U.N., which two weeks earlier called anew for curtailment of arms to Portugal, he saw the "massive entry" of Afro-Asian states as having distorted the world organization into a threat to peace. And in a bitter jab at his NATO partner, the U.S., which has been urging Portugal to decolonize, Salazar accused Washington of competing with Russia in Africa, principally for spheres of political influence and markets.

Salazar's old Iberian neighbor and *amigo*, Spain's Francisco Franco, was bending slightly more with the winds, announced plans to grant a measure of autonomy to Spanish Guinea, which is made up of the "provinces" of Rio Muni, a Maryland-sized West African enclave lying between Gabon and Cameroon, and the adjacent islands of Fernando Po and Annobón. The colony's 225,000 Africans, who harvest its coffee, cocoa beans and timber, and 5,000 Europeans will be encouraged to elect a rubber-stamp Parliament loyal to *El Caudillo*.

KENYA

Black & White—Harambee!

Only a few years ago, Kenya's whites raged against Jomo Kenyatta as the bloodthirsty founder of Mau Mau. In 1961, a governor of Kenya labeled Kenyatta "a leader to darkness and death." On a London visit in 1962, Kenyatta was pelted with rotten eggs by white extremists brandishing placards reading, "Hang Kenyatta!" Yet last week, as his country's newly elected Prime Minister, Kenyatta was a hero to most of Kenya's remaining white farmers.

At Nakuru, capital of the former white highlands, 400 farmers crowded the town hall to hear him, determined to base their decision to leave Kenya or to stay on what he had to tell them (in the past two years, 6,000 have left, but 60,000 remain). Kenyatta appealed to the whites to forgive and forget, to join hands with his three-month-old African government and prove that different racial groups can live harmoniously together.

"There is no society of angels, black, brown or white," said Kenyatta. "We are human beings and as such we are bound to make mistakes. If I have done a mistake to you, it is for you to forgive me. If you have done a mistake to me, it is for me to forgive you." He assured the white settlers that they would be allowed to farm their land without interference, though the government will use idle land, and promised more police action to prevent the stealing of cattle.

When he finished, the white farmers roared Kenyatta's battle cry of "Harambee!", a Swahili expression meaning "Let's all push together—get up and go." Not all were won over. But most decided to stay in Kenya so long as Jomo Kenyatta continued saying and doing the right things. His speech, said Farmer Leader Lord Delamere, was a "unique and historic" event.



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The Volkswagen is the big one.

We know our wagon is five feet shorter than the other model.

But we still say it's bigger because it holds more: 170 cubic feet.

(Regular wagons vary from 57 to 91.)

To understand how we get the extra room, you have to appreciate the shape of the Volkswagen Station Wagon.

It's built like a big box—taller than it is wide.

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There is virtually no wasted space on the VW. Even the engine is tucked away. (Over the drive wheels.)

You can carry 8 big adults with luggage.

Or 1632 lbs. of assorted children.

And if you slide the sunroof back you can lug home a big day at the auction.

Big as our wagon is, it's only 9 inches longer than the Volkswagen Sedan.

So if you're ever in a tight jam, it can seem pretty small.



Can simple American Cola find happiness at the side of Puerto Rico's most aristocratic Rum?

Oh my yes! The Ronnicola (Ronrico and cola) is to rum and cola as Mercedes-Benz is to the Model T. Well, why not? Even people who profess not to like liquor like the taste of Ronrico; light, clear and fanatically dry.

Note the crest on Ronrico's label. It was granted to the Marqués de Arecibo in 1889 by the King of Spain. Today his grandson heads the Ronrico company. "El ron de los nobles" (The rum of noblemen). Here, have a Ronnicola. See?

RONRICO FROM PUERTO RICO: THE DRY RUM

PUERTO RICAN RUM. 80 PROOF. WHITE OR GOLD LABEL. GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y. 22

CONGO REPUBLIC

Failure of a Fetish

Once on a state visit to Paris, Abbé Fulbert Youlou, President of the Republic of the Congo, shook hands with Charles de Gaulle and boasted: "Like you, I am irreversible." Last week, on the third anniversary of his country's independence, Youlou was reversed right out of office by an explosion of his people's pent-up discontent.

His country, the ex-French colony called the "other Congo" to distinguish it from its anarchic ex-Belgian neighbor, has long seemed quiet and peaceful. But when it came, Youlou's exit had all the revolutionary trimmings, including a storming of the local bastille and a mob outside the palace howling for bread.

Rise to the Top. Habitually clad in a cassock often topped by a Homburg, and said to have carried a pistol in his robes, Youlou at 46 was one of the world's most unusual statesmen. A member of the Lari tribe—his name means "fetish which cannot be grasped"—he was reared by Catholic missionaries and in 1946 ordained a priest. Later, in defiance of orders from his superior, Youlou ran for the French Assembly (he lost) and was suspended by the church, is still forbidden to say Mass. Because of his suspension, he was acclaimed by his countrymen as a victim of discrimination and elected mayor of Brazzaville in 1956. Exploiting Congolese superstitions, he soon had many voters convinced that his personal fetish, a small yellow crocodile, had "the power." With the advent of independence, Youlou was elected Premier and President, promising his new nation "tomorrows that sing."

He ordered a Paris couturier to run up a wardrobe of cassocks, in colors from mauve to bottle green. He savored imported champagne by the case and constructed a luxury hotel; when asked how he financed it, he replied: "I am spending the savings of poor *maman*. She sold nuts and vegetables."

Rise of the Critics. Meanwhile the country's timber-based economy stagnated. This year France cut off its \$1,100,000 annual dole, and Youlou raised taxes. Basic food prices doubled, and as bush people kept streaming into crowded Brazzaville, 19 out of every 20 Africans in the city were without work. Then Youlou made his worst mistake—he asked Guinea's demagogic, leftist President Sékou Touré for a visit. Instead of uttering niceties, the guest electrified the locals with denunciations of African leaders who turn wealthy bourgeois.

Last month Brazzaville's three trade unions, one of which is Communist, demanded reforms. Youlou promised



SUCCESSOR MASSAMBA-DEBAT
The power was taken . . .

labor a say in a new, single-party government that he planned to proclaim. Satisfied, the unions eased off. But fortnight ago, word began circulating that Youlou was about to renege. Promptly the unions called a general strike; last week, on the eve of the strike, two labor leaders were arrested.

Fall of the Messiah. As the walkout began, Brazzaville was shut tight, and 1,500 demonstrators gathered for a morning rally at the railroad station. Suddenly mounted Congolese gendarmes charged them with sabers flashing. The ragged mob burst through police lines and surged toward the city prison, hurling stones and bricks. At the prison entrance, police opened fire, killing at least three. Undeterred, the mob battered down the steel gate, freed 480 elated prisoners. Moving on, the rioters set about burning homes and cars of government officials.

From his palace, Youlou pleaded with the French commander of the Congolese troops to take more vigorous action. "Shoot, shoot," Youlou

cried, covering his ears. But his appeal was in vain. Although the French had 3,000 of their own men in the country under a defense treaty, and air-lifted in another 1,000, orders from Paris were only to protect the presidential palace and French property. On the radio, Youlou announced a government reshuffle, but it was too late. Next morning the mob, now swollen to 10,000, again poured out of the city's two shantytowns. One man was heard to cry: "I have not worked in six months. I have not eaten in three days." Finally, resplendent in a white cassock, Youlou appeared on the palace steps, announced that he had resigned to prevent a blood-bath. With a thunderclap of cheers, the crowd broke up peacefully, and within hours Brazzaville was back to normal.

Taking over, the army chose as Provisional Premier Alphonse Massamba-Debat, 42, a moderate leftist and former Youlou Cabinet minister who fell from favor. In contrast to his Catholic predecessor, Massamba-Debat is a Protestant. Appointed with him was a seven-man Cabinet of French-trained technicians that failed to include any union leaders. Massamba-Debat hinted at prompt elections. As for Fulbert Youlou, he had saved his head at least so far, was spirited away to an army camp for safekeeping. Announced Massamba-Debat: "There will be no reprisals against Monsieur Youlou. He is a Congolese nobleman."

ALGERIA

Ben Bellism

Algeria's Premier Ahmed ben Bella is moving ever closer to complete one-man rule. Last week venerable, ailing ex-Premier Ferhat Abbas, 63, quit his post as Speaker of the Assembly and handed out a 15-page critique of the government. He was chiefly upset because Ben Bella keeps ignoring the Assembly, even read the country's new, strongly centralized constitution to a meeting of his own followers at an Algiers movie theater before submitting it to the Deputies. Asked Abbas: "Why should we agree to a constitution that has been prostituted in a cinema?" Abbas conceded that Ben Bella's regime is not going Communist but warned that "we do seem to be heading toward a fascist dictatorship."

Though Ben Bella remarks acidly that "revolutions are not made without prisons," Ben Bellism is not fascism. Critic Abbas was blasted as a "bourgeois spokesman for privilege" by government-run newspapers and drummed out of the National Liberation Front, which he once headed. But he was permitted to retire quietly to his villa in Kouba, outside Algiers, thereby joining the ranks of Ben Bella's other muffled but unharmed opponents, such as Mohammed Boudiaf, who is under house arrest, and ex-Premier Benyousséf Benkhedda, who has quit politics to resume his career as a drugist.



EX-PRESIDENT YOLOU

. . . from the small yellow crocodile.

* Both call themselves Republic of the Congo, list themselves unofficially by the names of their capitals: Congo (Brazzaville) and Congo (Leopoldville).



NEHRU
A nudged throne.

INDIA

Thunder on Left & Right

On the eve of the 16th anniversary of Indian independence, 2,000 demonstrators marched outside Parliament in Delhi, waving banners and chanting: "Leave the throne, Jawaharlal." Inside the horseshoe-shaped chamber, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru faced the first no-confidence motion in his 16 years in power.

The censure motion was sponsored by Nehru's most outspoken political foe, stooped, acerbic J. B. Kripalani, a political independent who was returned to Parliament only two months ago in a surprising by-election victory, after having been swamped by now discredited ex-Defense Minister Krishna Menon in last year's general election. Kripalani proposed to censure the government among other things, over official corruption, spiraling food prices and pro-

hibitively high taxation. Though Kripalani is pro-Western, the censure proposal became an umbrella for all kinds of other Nehru critics, including leftists angered by Nehru's few tentative steps away from nonalignment.

One major leftist target was India's agreement to permit Voice of America broadcasts for three hours daily over a transmitter to be built by the U.S. in Calcutta, and Nehru is now trying to back out of it. Another target: the joint air defense exercises that the Indian air force will soon hold with the U.S. and British air commands. In an effort to silence his leftist critics, Nehru has won extensive promises from Russia and its satellites for missiles, fighters, and small arms. Top government officials expect little in substance from Soviet aid promises, but insist that the symbolism of such aid is necessary to maintain India's image of nonalignment.

With Nehru's Congress Party holding a massive 229-seat plurality in Parliament, there is no chance that the censure motion will be carried. But Nehru is plainly worried over the rising opposition on both the right and the left and over the by-election trend away from the party in what were once considered impregnable Congress constituencies. He has promised to shake up his government and to demand the resignation of some Cabinet ministers so that they can work full time on organizational duties to revitalize the party. Nehru's plan is scorned by C. Rajagopalachari, 84, leader of India's small, dynamic, free-enterprising Swatantra Party. "Theatricals do not cure diseases," says C. R. "The Congress Party is sick, and I do not want sick persons in charge of the government."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Suicide Series

It was the most macabre week in South Viet Nam's three-month-old religious and political crisis. In Saigon, an 18-year-old girl tried unsuccessfully to cut off her left hand "as a humble offering to Buddha while our religion is in danger." Outside the coastal city of Hue, a 17-year-old novice Buddhist monk wrapped himself in a kerosene-soaked, six-color Buddhist flag, then struck a match. In the village of Ninh-hoa, 200 miles north of Saigon, a young Buddhist nun sat down in a Catholic school playground and set herself on fire. Less than 24 hours later, back in Hue, a 71-year-old monk announced over the Tudam Pagoda loudspeaker that he was going to kill himself, then burned himself to death in the pagoda's courtyard.

The Quarrel Spreads. The three ritualistic suicides brought to five the number of Buddhists who have turned themselves into human torches in further protest against the regime of South Viet Nam's Roman Catholic President Ngo Dinh Diem. The government reacted by placing the Buddhist strong-

holds of Hue and Nhatrang under virtual martial law. Although worried that the burnings might get out of hand, Buddhist leaders defended the suicides as "noble sacrifices," were rounding up secular and military support.

Leaflets containing Western press accounts of the controversy were being distributed to army units all over the country. Soldiers and peasants began wearing saffron patches the same color as a monk's robes to indicate their support of the Buddhists. In one division mess, Catholic and Buddhist officers began eating apart, and at a military training school, Buddhist cadets demanded a chapel similar to the Catholic chapel.

Buddhist leaders said they would not agree to any conciliation until the government made several concessions, and accepted responsibility for the nine Buddhists being shot down at a religious demonstration in Hue last May. But Diem is still hopeful that they will agree to some discussion and mediation.

Implied Rebuke. The President's apparent readiness to meet with the Buddhists is bitterly opposed by his sister-



GIRL WHO TRIED TO CUT OFF A HAND
A novel sacrifice.

in-law, Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu, who has consistently urged that the Buddhist opposition be crushed. "If the President keeps bowing to the Buddhists," she said, "they will keep right on taking advantage of this weakness to make new, impossible demands. They are utterly hypocritical." With what sounded like a rebuke to Mme. Nhu, Diem countered: "It is only because some have contributed, either consciously or unconsciously, to raising doubts about this government's policy that the solution to the Buddhist affair has been retarded. The policy of utmost conciliation is irreversible."

In Washington, where Henry Cabot Lodge was getting his final briefings before leaving to take over as new U.S. Ambassador in Saigon, Secretary of State Dean Rusk declared himself "deeply distressed" over the crisis and the detrimental effect it was having on the war against the Communist Viet Cong. Said Rusk: "We hope the government out there will take a strong lead to bring about a greater degree of peace and serenity."



KRIPALANI
A broad umbrella.

THE FAITH THAT LIGHTS THE FIRES

THE readiness of South Viet Nam's Buddhist monks and nuns to burn themselves to death as a means of protest against the government both moves and repels the West. On the surface, it seems an odd phenomenon in a religion generally regarded as passive, gentle and full of reverence for life. The paradox is caused by the fact that Buddhism, though detached and otherworldly, can at times convulse itself into action, and that its view of life as transitional can lead to an almost indifferent embrace of death. Self-immolation is not merely a sit-in carried to Oriental extremes. Although it has not occurred often—and apparently never before in Viet Nam—the practice is deeply linked to the basic nature of Buddhism, the world's fourth largest religion.

Nirvana & Dharma. Buddhism consists of three spiritual components, two traditions, and a multiplicity of sects. The first of the three components, common to all Buddhists, is the legendary life of a handsome Indian prince named Gautama, who, about 600 years before Christ, abandoned his luxurious existence after seeing four facts of life for the first time: a sick man, an old man, a dead man and a holy man. He fled to the forest to seek enlightenment, tried and abandoned the ways of the hermit and the ascetic, and, after meditating under a sacred Bodhi tree for 49 days, at last achieved Buddhahood—enlightenment, or nirvana. He spent the rest of his life walking through India with his disciples, teaching until he died at 80, leaving a final admonition: "Work out your salvation with diligence."

Gautama's teaching, the second chief component of Buddhism, is summed up in the Four Noble Truths: 1) man suffers all his life, and goes on suffering from one life to the next; 2) the origin of man's suffering is craving—for pleasure, for possessions, for cessation of pain; 3) the cure for craving is the practice of nonattachment to everything—even to the self; 4) the way to nonattachment is the Eightfold Path—right views, right intentions, right speech, right conduct, right livelihood, right effort, right mindfulness, right meditation. The Buddha said nothing about God; no divine judgment, but an inexorable law of cause and effect called dharma determines man's weal or woe.

Third essential component of Buddhism is the vast body of monks and nuns called the sangha. In addition to celibacy and vegetarian nonviolence, monks practice poverty: traditionally the only possessions permitted are robes, a begging bowl for food, a needle, prayer beads, a razor (to shave the head once a fortnight), and a

filter to remove bugs from the drinking water so as not to kill them.

Greater & Lesser Vehicles. The two great Buddhist traditions are Hinayana and Mahayana. Hinayana, the so-called Lesser Vehicle, is generally more austere and uncompromising: it holds that only monks and nuns have hope of reaching nirvana. Mahayana, the Greater Vehicle, offers hope of enlightenment to laymen as well, and stresses the compassionate concern of the Buddha for humanity. The highest Mahayana ideal is the bodhisattva, or enlightened one, who sacrifices himself for others, and Mahayana mythology contains numerous examples of sacrifices as an act of love as well as a means of liberation. Zen Buddhism, one of the subdivisions of Mahayana, imported by the Japanese from China, emphasizes a combination of prolonged meditation and shock to achieve *satori*, or enlightenment.

Viet Nam's Buddhism, like China's and Japan's, is predominantly Mahayana, and the suicide monks and nuns knew the numerous legends of bodhisattvas' physical sacrifices, such as that of the holy man who gave his body to a famished tigress to keep her from eating her cubs. Some Mahayana monks still aid their liberation from the body by burning the fingers off their left hands, and in the 6th century—before gasoline—monks who decided to immolate themselves completely would eat waxy and fatty foods for a couple of years so they would burn better. Theoretically Buddhism does not permit suicide, and the word is carefully avoided in favor of "sacrifice." One of Gautama's testaments, the Lotus Sutra, as interpreted by monks in Saigon, calls for all Buddhists to sacrifice themselves if their religion is in danger. One early Buddhist martyr, it is said, took his life by first punching his body full of holes and sealing them with oil, then setting fire to himself.

Faests & Magic. The grass-roots Mahayana Buddhism in the Viet Nam villages is a long way from such grim practices. It usually takes the form of the easygoing Amidism, in which a paradise called "Pure Land" awaits the intense faithful who repeats a simple prayer. It is strongly influenced by the magical practices of corrupted Taoism, imported from China around the 7th century, and by Confucianism, which stresses ethical behavior.

Confucius emphasized family obligations, evident still in Viet Nam's ancestor worship and cult of the dead. The 15th day of the seventh month is set aside annually for the departed; the shades swoop down upon the living, who do their best to placate them with a sumptuous feast. Dressed in



BUDDHA & BODHISATTVAS

their best black silk and carrying burning joss sticks, the women recite invitations to their dead ancestors to partake of roast pig's head and sticks of sugar cane, peanuts and white rice. As offerings to less trencher-minded spirits, they burn paper imitations of currency and clothes.

Crusader & Yogi. In many Western eyes, Buddhism is socially useless. It has only a limited tradition of good works; the chief duty of monks and nuns is contemplation. In *The Lotus and the Robot*, Arthur Koestler says of Oriental mysticism in general: "The messianic arrogance of the Christian crusader is matched by the Yogi's arrogant attitude of detachment towards human suffering."

Actually, Buddhists are quite capable of the crusading spirit. In Ceylon during the 2nd century B.C., a king led his army against Indian invaders with a relic of Buddha in his spear. In Viet Nam and elsewhere, Buddhists often took an active part in fighting against colonial powers. During the Korean war, at least some Buddhists were preaching that "to wipe out the American imperialist demons is not only blameless but meritorious." Ignoring the Chinese Communists' cruel persecution of Buddhism in Tibet, some Buddhists reason (as one scholar puts it) that when the Marxists' material needs are satisfied, they will "need something spiritual above and beyond," and that Buddhism will be able to supply it. It is this sort of self-delusion—existing alongside Buddhism's nobility of spirit—that makes the Eightfold Path so full of pitfalls.



PRINCELY CASTLE OVERLOOKING VADUZ
More paradise than politics.

LIECHTENSTEIN

The Happy Have-Not

At last count, there were 72 princes and princesses of Liechtenstein, which is eleven more highnesses than there are square miles in the minuscule principality. Luckily for the postal system, only a dozen Von und zu Liechtensteins actually live in Liechtenstein. Indeed, it was not until 1937 that a hereditary ruler actually made his home in the drafty, 13th century family fortress, whose battlements rise starkly above the capital of Vaduz (pronounced Vah-dootz). There last week, amid eulogies and thunderous renditions of *Heil Liechtenstein*, Franz Josef II Maria Aloys Alfred Karl Johannes Heinrich Michael Georg Ignatius Benediktus Gerhardus Majella, its twelfth reigning prince, observed his 57th birthday and the 25th anniversary of his accession to the throne.

For fear of overcrowding its pocket paradise, Liechtenstein (pop. 18,000) has granted citizenship to only a dozen foreigners since 1950, and worries mightily over its rising birth rate. An unsullied blend of lush meadowland and soaring Alpine peaks, the nation nestles so unobtrusively between Austria and Switzerland (since 1924 it has shared currency, customs services and foreign service with the Swiss) that vacationers driving through are often unaware that they are even in Franz Josef's fief. This bothers Liechtenstein's government not at all, for, as Prime Minister Alexander Frick once observed, the sight of idle tourists could prove unsettling to the country's hard-working peasants.

Salami for Rubbernecks. Even to shuttle summer traffic through the country, Liechtenstein grudgingly has to double its police force, which consists normally of 18 men and a dog named Rex. The well-named Quick Tourist Office concentrates its energies on selling

visitors Swiss watches, Belgian francs and Liechtenstein cuckoo clocks, which are made in West Germany. Since the country's medieval castles bear signs saying "No Castle Visiting," insistent rubbernecks usually get to see the salami skin factory or else one of two plants where strikingly healthy Liechtensteins turn out false teeth and artificial limbs for world markets.

Though it boasts one of the world's highest living standards, German-speaking Liechtenstein is in every happy sense a have-not nation: it has no unemployment, slums, Communists, crime, TV or radio station, airports, divorcees or billboards. Neutral in both world wars, it has had no soldiers since 1939, when the only remaining warrior died in bed. Its maximum income tax rate is 10%; corporate taxes are so liberal that more than 2,000 foreign firms have registered headquarters in Vaduz. While it is a constitutional democracy, Liechtenstein virtually dispenses with politics. There are two parties, known as the Reds and the Blacks, but they are equally conservative and anti-Communist and even have the same stirring motto: Faith in God, Prince and Fatherland.

Private Leonardo. Liechtenstein also has considerable faith in its wine, a sturdy rosé that the government refuses to export for fear of running dry. An even more jealously guarded national treasure is Franz Josef's family art collection (TIME, Dec. 12, 1960), which consists of 1,500 paintings valued at \$150 million. It includes the only Leonardo da Vinci in private ownership, a lush portrait of a Florentine maiden called the Ginevra dei Benci, as well as 27 Rubens paintings that are valued at \$11 million, and paintings by Van Dyck, Brueghel, Rembrandt and Botticelli. The public is allowed to see only 75 of Franz Josef's lesser pictures, which are sandwiched into a modest building in Vaduz along with the tourist office and the national postage-stamp museum. The closest Liechtenstein family comes to sharing its greatest paintings with the world is allowing them to appear occasionally on one of the nation's famed postage stamps.

Despite postwar losses of vast holdings in Communist Czechoslovakia, Franz Josef II is ranked among Europe's ten richest men. A grand-nephew of Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose assassination at Sarajevo ignited World War I, the alert, easygoing prince is also rated Liechtenstein's most popular monarch since Johannes the Good, who took the throne in 1858, reigned 71 years,* and spent an impressive \$18 million of his personal fortune to build schools and roads in Liechtenstein. Though no one expected Franz Joseph to spend as much, loyal Liechtensteins who crowded into the palace last week prayed lustily that the prince and

* Longer than any other European monarch save France's Louis XIV, who beat him by a year.



FRANZ JOSEF II & FAMILY*
More highnesses than real estate.

his beautiful, 41-year-old wife, Princess Gina, might reign as long as Johannes. "When the personality cult goes," murmured one devoted bystander, "Liechtenstein goes too."

GREAT BRITAIN

Omen on Avon

What with alarming figures from the National Opinion Poll and the confessions of Christine, top Tories were braced for bad news from last week's by-election to fill John Profumo's vacant seat at Stratford-upon-Avon, a true-blue Tory constituency. The news was bad all right, though hardly disastrous. Right-wing Conservative Angus Maude won with 15,846 votes, but the party's margin dropped from its 1959 peak of 14,129 to a mere 3,470.

The gains, however, did not go to the Labor Opposition, which has always run a poor second in Stratford; Tories either stayed away from the polls or voted Liberal. While Labor Candidate Andrew Faulds got 12,376 votes, only 359 more than the Laborite received at the last election. Derick Mirfin, the first Liberal candidate to contest Stratford in 13 years, walked off with 7,622, close to half the total that was cast for Tory Maude, although the Liberals had virtually no political machine working for them.

Many Tories who voted Liberal out of dissatisfaction with the government will undoubtedly return to the fold at the next general election. Nonetheless, the drop in Tory strength in a Tory stronghold was a sobering confirmation that the party will have a rough time in the national elections, which, as a result, will probably not be held until spring.

* From left: Prince Nikolaus; Princess Nora Elisabeth; Crown Prince Johannes Adam; Princess Gina (seated); Prince Franz Josef II; Prince Philipp Erasmus.



The mark above was created in 1491 by Bernardino Benali and Matthio De Parma, partners and master printers of Venice. In an age of elegance and refinement, it earned recognition as a symbol of good taste and artistry expressed in precision craftsmanship. In today's world of business, IBM® typewriters achieve similar acceptance. The unique IBM "Executive"™ Typewriter does this by complementing your correspondence with the look of fine printing...creating impressions beyond words.



Should the world's greatest gin...unexcelled in a martini...be lavished in a Tom Collins?

YES!

To make the best-tasting Tom Collins, you need the best-tasting gin: Seagram's Extra Dry Gin.

This gin is taken through a costly extra step to remove excess sweetness and perfumery. A step that imparts a smoothness and crackling dryness not found in other gins.

Your next Tom Collins will thank you for Seagram's Gin. Your guests will, too. **SEAGRAM'S EXTRA DRY GIN**

TOM COLLINS: Put in a tall glass over ice cubes and lemon. 1 tsp. sugar. 2 oz. Seagram's Extra Dry Gin. Add club-soda to fill, stir. Garnish with orange slice, maraschino cherry. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

PEOPLE

Gone were the dark glasses, slouch hat and sullen manner. In sunny Portofino, a smiling, bareheaded **Grete Garbo** breezed ashore from Movie Producer Sam Spiegel's yacht *Malahine*, sent a crowd into camera-clicking ecstasies with a big "Hello," joined her shipmate for a lighthearted shopping spree and dinner at the Restaurant Pitosforo. Bumbled the proprietor: "It was the Garbo that for many years I've dreamed of seeing. She appeared rejuvenated in spirit."

With Princess Grace and the children waiting in Monaco, all set for an ocean-going holiday, **Prince Rainier**, 40, flew to Amsterdam to take possession of his new 290-ton, \$694,000 yacht *Althecaro II*, named for little Albert and Caroline. But before officially presenting the ship to Rainier, Shipbuilder Herman Kers-tholt and 80 guests took it for a gala trial run in the North Sea. Ten miles offshore, smoke and flames suddenly lashed out of the engine room. An explosion sent passengers into panic, and since there were no lifeboats, only the timely arrival of rescuers prevented tragedy. When rescued, Builder Kers-tholt burst into tears. Also upset, though not visibly tearful, was Rainier, who angrily bemoaned a two-month delay before the damaged vessel could be ready for her maiden voyage to the Mediterranean.

Giving an outdoor performance in Washington, D.C., puckish Pianist **Victor Borge**, 54, became the first Danish-born Connecticut resident ever to play a piano on the steps of the Capitol. "It's nice to hear some harmony on Capitol Hill," quipped Borge to an audience sprinkled with Senators and Representatives. "I was in the Far East spreading

good will. Then I read the news in the papers, and thought I'd better come home." The show was arranged by Connecticut's Democratic Senator Abraham Ribicoff, who hoped it would help sell Congress on his pending bill to establish a national arts council and an arts foundation.

A professional painter himself, winner of the 1944 Carnegie Prize, the late **Carroll Sargent Tyson Jr.** (1878-1956) was a highly discerning art collector. That was evident last week when the Philadelphia Museum of Art reported that Tyson's widow, who died Aug. 2, had willed the museum 19 masterworks, including five Renoirs, two Manets, a Van Gogh, a Goya, a Degas. "The Tysons' taste was impeccable," said the museum's president, R. Sturges Ingersoll. "These paintings are of a quality that will make it almost impossible for future collectors to meet their standard."

Who is Mark Epernay? That was the literary puzzle of the week on the New Frontier. Epernay is the pseudonymous author of *The McLandress Dimension*, a satire to be published this fall by Houghton Mifflin Co. The "dimension" is defined as the longest span of time that a person's thoughts can remain centered on something other than himself. Elizabeth Taylor rates three minutes; the Rev. Martin Luther King four hours. Some New Frontiersmen get only so-so ratings—President Kennedy 29 minutes, Under Secretary of State Averell Harriman 12.5 minutes. Suspected perpetrator: **John Kenneth Galbraith**, 54, Harvard economist, until lately U.S. Ambassador to India. Galbraith's McLandress dimension, the book says, is only 13 minutes. When a newsman asked him whether he knew Epernay's identity, Galbraith gave a cagey reply: "Who is Epernay? I have no guesses. I am utterly devoid of literary curiosity."

With 2,500 gallons of simulated rain per minute pouring down, Warner Bros. began shooting *My Fair Lady*, and plopping gamely into the puddles went **Audrey Hepburn** as Eliza Doolittle, that "so deliciously low, so horribly dirty" flower girl who gets brought indoors by Professor Higgins. Audrey and Co-Star Rex Harrison were not the only ones getting soaked: the movie rights ran to an all-time high of \$5,500,000 and production will cost an estimated \$15 million, a record for the studio. Audrey herself will collect a splashy \$1,000,000.

The Australian, Belgian, Greek, Italian, Peruvian and Spanish ambassadors to the U.S. were among the 800 or so guests attending Newport's top summer spectacular: the debut of winsome **Janet Jennings Auchincloss**, 18, daughter of Investment Broker Hugh D. Auchincloss and half sister of Jac-



JANET AUCHINCLOSS
With Meyer as gondolier.

queline Kennedy (who sent a bouquet, insisted the party go on despite her own recent tragedy). The Auchincloss estate, Hammersmith Farm, was done up in Venetian style, with colored lanterns, a pink marquee on the lawn overlooking Narragansett Bay, Meyer Davis' orchestra in gondolier garb, gondolier hats for the young men and golden masks for the young ladies. Janet, in a white strapless gown by Dior, looked like a cinch to get invitations to the season's best parties.

"Hollywood has gone from Pola to Polaroid," she declared not long ago. But a real star always saves up a twinkle or two for her twilight years, and last week sometime Actress **Pola Negri**, 65, *femme fatale* of many a silent movie, was back in the news. In San Antonio, Texas, it was announced that the late heiress Margaret West had willed Pola, her longtime friend and house guest, jewels, furniture, lifetime use of a San Antonio mansion and an income of \$1,250 a month. Then, in Los Angeles, Walt Disney Productions announced that Pola is going to make a movie comeback in a suspense drama called *The Moon Spinners*, to begin filming this September on the island of Crete.

Merchants in Cairo's sprawling Khan-el-Khalifee bazaar selected the winner of their Best Customer of the Year award: former Vice President **Richard M. Nixon**, 50, who visited Egypt in June. "He did not bargain," explained Shopkeeper Ali Farag. "He seemed concerned with the appearance of things; he was not interested in the materials of which they were made." Nixon's reward: an inscribed silver tray. Back home in Manhattan, the puzzled winner recalled only that he did "lots of handshaking" at the bazaar. "Mrs. Nixon and the girls did most of the buying."



BORGE ON THE HILL
With Abe as sponsor.

THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

"Sophisticated Muckraking"

Red and white I'M FOR WALLY signs began to circulate outside the oak-paneled Atlanta courtroom, where former University of Georgia Football Coach Wally Butts's \$10 million libel suit against the *Saturday Evening Post* was in its second week of testimony. Whether the Georgia football fans in the jury box agreed with the Georgia football fans waving the signs, would only come clear with this week's verdict. But witness after witness had already handed down an unofficial decision. For the manner in which it put together last spring's "The Story of a College Football Fix"—an article that accused Butts of trying to rig a Georgia-Alabama football game—the proud old *Post* stood convicted of careless journalism.

Only Memory. Testimony from both sides drew a picture of a magazine that had rushed headlong into print with a story only superficially checked. By the *Post*'s own admission, the story's validity rested almost entirely on notes taken by Atlanta Insurance Salesman George Burnett, who said he had accidentally eavesdropped on a pre-game telephone conversation in which Georgia's Butts seemed to be spilling Georgia football secrets to Paul ("Bear") Bryant, head coach at the University of Alabama. But when the *Post* sent Freelance Reporter Frank Graham Jr. down to Atlanta, the salesman could only quote from memory as he told his story of skulduggery. The notes he had taken, he said, had been impounded by the University of Georgia.

For both Writer Graham and the *Post*, Burnett's memory seemed more than enough to go on. Neither bothered

to go over the story with Wally Butts or Bear Bryant—on the grounds that they would only deny it. Nor did anyone consult Burnett's sometime business partner, John Carmichael, who said he knew all about the intercepted phone call and had seen the notes. No one at the *Post* deemed it necessary to study moving pictures of the Georgia-Alabama game—which might have supported, or cast serious doubt on the suspicion that the game had been fixed. (Alabama won it, 35-0.) No one talked to members of the Alabama team.

Certain Skepticism. In court the accuracy of parts of the *Post* article was repeatedly challenged, not only by witnesses for Butts, but also by witnesses for the defense—including Burnett. Georgia Trainer Sam Richwine and Georgia End Mickey Babb joined others who disclaimed direct quotations attributed to them in the story. Writer Graham's astonishing excuse was that re-creating quotes is a "common practice in journalism." Carmichael testified that the Burnett notes produced in court were not the same ones that his former associate had shown to him.

Nor was the *Post* defense detectably strengthened by depositions from *Post* Editor Clay Blair Jr. and *Post* Senior Editor Roger Kahn. In his statement, Kahn confessed to a "certain skepticism" about the Burnett story and said that he had urged Writer Graham to "be careful." Editor Blair's statement acknowledged both his own authority to kill the story and his decision not to do so—a decision that apparently fitted Blair's program of rejuvenating the ailing *Post* by "sophisticated muckraking," and his ambition "to provoke people, make them mad."

Against the apparent imperfections in

the *Post* story and the magazine's hasty journalism, the Atlanta jury could weigh the testimony of an array of witnesses called to the stand by *Post* Attorney Welborn Cody—among them Georgia President O. C. Aderhold and members of the school's athletic board. Butts, they said, was a man of "bad character"; they testified that they would not believe him under oath. One after another, they characterized the former Georgia coach as a man who dabbled in loan companies on the side and numbered known professional gamblers among his friends. William C. Hartman, who served as Georgia's backfield coach until 1957, testified that in November 1960 he and a group of university alumni had urged Butts to resign as Georgia football coach. They had been disturbed, said Hartman, by reports of frequent Butts appearances "at nightclubs in the company of girls."

Casual Journalism. Though his character had been questioned by the president of the very university where he had served so long, Butts and his lawyers were able to offer quick rebuttal. Dr. Frank Rose, an ordained Disciple of Christ minister, who is now president of the University of Alabama, testified that he had carefully investigated the charges. He had found no evidence, said Dr. Rose, that any information of value had been passed between Butts and Bryant. And he had said as much in a letter to President Aderhold.

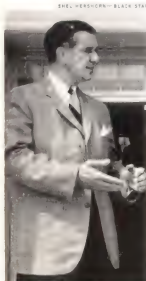
"Is everything you have testified so far in this case true, so help you God?" Butts's attorney William Schroder asked his client as he wound up his case. "Yes, sir," said Wally Butts. This week, the only questions that remained were whether the jury believed him and, if it did, just how much the *Post*'s casual journalism had damaged his reputation.

PUBLIC RELATIONS

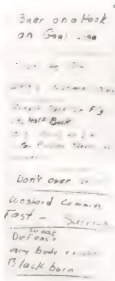
F.O.B. Detroit

The rites of fall were beginning—f.o.b. Detroit. And already the celebrators, that cast-iron band of U.S. journalists who cruise the automotive beat, were up to their hubcaps in favors and rich food. Flown to San Francisco last week as guests of Chrysler Corp., they sluiced through all the brightest nightspots, took a charter cruise across the bay, listened to songs by Chrysler Guest Artist Pat Suzuki—and inspected the 1964 models that Chrysler had providentially brought along (see U.S. BUSINESS). When the San Francisco revels ended, more were in store: shooting, riding, and fishing on a Utah dude ranch (Studebaker); a wild drive in new Galaxies up Colorado's Pikes Peak (Ford); swimming at Wisconsin's Lake Geneva (American Motors)—to mention just a few of the bashes on the schedule.

Time was when Detroit's carmakers simply pushed their new models into a factory garage and convoked the press. But this businesslike annual event has



ROSE



BURNETT

The *Post*'s play was a headlong rush.



R: Decongestant

Traffic congestion is a mounting pressure in most major metropolitan centers. And now many of these cities are making plans to ease this pressure with modern, high-speed urban transit systems... like those developed by Budd. These gleaming stainless steel cars carry passengers to their destinations swiftly, quietly, *comfortably*. Their first cost is modest, and exceptionally light but strong construc-

tion cuts power costs and eliminates the need for painting and other maintenance. Advanced design ideas by Budd, specialists in transit and railway cars, will be apace with the times many, many years from now. If you're concerned with solving tomorrow's transit problems, write to J. F. Clary, Vice President, Railway Sales, The Budd Company, Philadelphia 15, Pa.

In metals, electronics and plastics, Budd works to make tomorrow...today.

THE **Budd** COMPANY
OVER 50 YEARS OF SERVICE TO INDUSTRY

blossomed into a promotional orgy as lavishly tooled—and about as useful—as a tail fin. For four years running, Chrysler chartered Miami Beach's Americana Hotel for galas, at some \$300,000 a throw. Ford once unwrapped not only its new line but a lissome young lady who pranced around in little but her chassis. Another time, Ford distributed Fairlane fenders as gifts. General Motors' Buick

newspaper of his choice, the Houston Chronicle, had changed from a steady, stodgy, second-place daily into the liveliest and the largest paper in town.

For the first time since 1958, the Chronicle's daily circulation has nosed past the competitive Post's, 221,040 to 220,698; its Sunday circulation of 263,260 has moved a comfortable 14,470 out in front. Some of these gains can be traced to the Chronicle's revitalized circulation department: the paper now hires younger carriers, for example, because small boys will take smaller routes, which makes for better service—and more sales. Some of the gains have been at the expense of the city's third paper, the Scripps-Howard Press, which has slipped 17,000 in circulation (to 89,000) since all three papers went to a dime in 1961. But the basic reason for the Chronicle's rise is that Bill Steven has improved the product.

Readers' Beefs. When he arrived in Houston three years ago, Steven dropped most of the newsroom wall partitions and installed his own desk out in the open. The move gave him an unimpeded look at his staff and the staff an unaccustomed look at the editor's shirtsleeves. In this same companionable spirit he sought to enfold the whole city. Steven has vowed to print the name of every Houstonian at some time or other, already runs 200,000 names a year in the Chronicle's "Lifebeat," the city's only thorough press compilation of such vital statistics as births, deaths, marriages and divorces. A reader with a beef—even a Post reader—now calls the Chronicle's new "Watchem" department, which not only publishes grievances but does something about them. A chuckhole reported one morning is usually filled by the highway department that same afternoon—after a prodding phone call from the paper.

Editor Steven also added a Mexico City bureau and enlarged his bureau in the state capital at Austin, where the Chronicle's new "Longhorn Edition," trucked 160 mi. from Houston, now reaches readers before Austin's own Statesman. He put on a science editor to compete with the Post's two on the important and burgeoning manned-space-flight center in Houston. He sent staffers to cover stories all over the U.S. with the confident hand of a man who has operated for 30 years on the principle that "the advertising department makes the money, and I spend it." The Sunday photo supplement, which ran heavily to textbook-style text adorned by filter shots of the Alamo, turned into a sprightly portfolio of pictures international in scope.

Branch Roots. Over at the dethroned Post, President and Editor Oveta Culp Hobby, Eisenhower's first Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, acknowledges the existence of a "friendly" rivalry, but appears unwilling to engage the Chronicle at any level. She may have to. Editor Steven has been promised continuing editorial freedom

by Chronicle President John T. Jones Jr., nephew and heir of Jesse Jones, the Chronicle's longtime publisher and F.D.R.'s Secretary of Commerce. This is the sort of invigorating climate in which Bill Steven thrives. Said he, surveying the busy Chronicle newsroom, where his own enthusiasm has obviously taken root: "You cannot define talent. All you can do is build the greenhouse and see if it grows."



CHRONICLE EDITOR STEVEN
A greenhouse for talent.

Division once tore up the lobby floor at Flint's Durant Hotel and installed a trout stream for newsmen.

Whether these press extravaganzas help sell cars is a question even Detroit cannot answer. As a matter of fact, they do not often sell newsmen, who have a nasty habit of biting the very hand that treats them. In the stories that flow at new-model time, there is little evidence that their authors are drunk with gratitude for their hosts. After General Motors' 1962 fete, New York Times Automotive Editor Joseph Ingraham filed a story accusing Chevrolet of plagiarizing the competition. Says Chrysler's public relations man William Stempien: "Most of the guys lean over backward to show how independent they are."

NEWSPAPERS

Improving the Product in Houston

William P. Steven, 55, is a newsman with some novel ideas. News, he insists, should be dangled before readers like fish bait. One good way to run a paper, he says, is to "print first and plan afterward." When Minneapolis' sister papers, the Star and Tribune, disagreed and fired him from the post of executive editor (TIME, Aug. 29, 1960), Steven saw no need to change his theories; he simply drew a list of the duller big-city dailies and went job hunting. He figured that among the papers he had picked out would be one that stood in urgent need of William P. Steven. As it turned out, he was right. By last week the



NEWSDAY'S ETHRIDGE
A seminar for a successor.

A Friendly Arrangement

The long-distance call from New York to Louisville connected two old friends: Captain Harry F. Guggenheim, 73, owner of Long Island's Newsday, and Mark F. Ethridge, 67, who recently retired after a long career as editor and publisher of the Louisville Courier-Journal. "I need you out here, Mark," said Guggenheim. Said Ethridge: "I'll do everything I can." He flew East, thinking he knew exactly what Harry wanted: a friend's guidance during the difficult period of adjustment following the death of his wife, Alicia Patterson, Newsday's creator and editor (TIME, July 12). But to Ethridge's surprise, that was not what Guggenheim wanted at all. Last week Mark Ethridge agreed to serve as editor of Newsday.

It was an arrangement of convenience. The captain could go on influencing the paper's editorial course, just as he used to do in his wife's time, when he would take space in Newsday to espouse candidates and causes conflicting with hers. Old Friend Ethridge could indulge his retirement plan to teach a once-a-week seminar on newspaper management at the University of North Carolina. The rest of the time he would run the paper and hold a sort of private seminar for Newsday Staffer Joseph Patterson Albright, 26, Alicia's nephew, whose succession to Harry Guggenheim's paper and Mark Ethridge's new job is, according to present schedules, only a matter of time.

Another page from the A. O. Smith story

LAVAMAGIC

ti conserva bella



Now in Rome they do as Americans do

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SPORT

BASEBALL

At Twice 21

A couple of 42-year-old greats made news in the young man's game of baseball last week, one by bowing to the years, the other by defying them.

► St. Louis Cardinals outfielder **Stan Musial** announced with a catch in his voice that he will retire at season's end, thus closing one of the greatest careers in baseball. In 22 seasons, all with the Cards, Stan the Man has broken or tied 56 records, setting a National League high of 3,610 hits, a major-league high of 1,371 extra base hits. He has reached the point where every time he gets a hit, or even appears in a game, he adds to some record or other. Batting only .256 this season, 77 points below his lifetime average, Musial will have his last chance to fill out his records on Sept. 29, unless the surging Cardinals wind up in the World Series. By that time, it is expected, his son will have made him a grandfather.

► Milwaukee Braves Pitcher **Warren Spahn**, slipping a fast ball past Los Angeles Relief Pitcher Bob Miller, got his 2,382nd strikeout, setting a new major-league record for a lefthander. The old record, held by Rube Waddell, had stood since 1910. Spahn went on to post his 14th win of the season, against only five losses. "You always think about records being set with a big, dramatic act," he said afterward. "Instead, I get the pitcher on a called strike. But I'll take it." Other records he has taken: more wins (341), more shutouts (56), more 20-game winning seasons (12) than any other lefthander in history. Retire? "I'll never quit," said Spahn. "They'll have to tear off my uniform."

FRED KAPLAN



THE KING

SOFTBALL

Man with a Golden Arm

When he pitched in exhibition games for the old Philadelphia Athletics and the St. Louis Browns, the late Rube Waddell occasionally waved his fielders to the bench and tried to strike out the side. It was a sensational stunt, but Eddie Feigner, the Rube Waddell of softball, puts on a similar display of prowess in every inning of every game he pitches.

Feigner makes his living by pitching with only three other players on his side—catcher, first baseman and shortstop. His four-man squad, billed as the King and His Court, plays the country's top professional and semi-pro teams and wins eleven games out of every twelve. It can do that because Feigner is very probably what he claims to be: the best softball pitcher in the world.

Although he clowns a lot while pitching, Feigner (pronounced Fay-ner) still manages to strike out most of the batters. Against a Poughkeepsie, N.Y., all-star team last week, he struck out 17 in seven innings (the regulation game), and that was not an unusual performance for him: many times he has struck out all 21.

The Rock-Thrower. Feigner, 38, traces his pitching prowess to his lonely childhood in Walla Walla, Wash. "I was a love child," he says, "and none of the parents would let their kids play with me." Left to himself, young Eddie spent countless hours alone in woods and fields, throwing rocks. After he developed into a rock-thrower of prodigious force and accuracy, he switched from rocks to softballs. Pitching for his grade school and high school teams, he won 103, lost none.

In 1946, as a semi-pro, Feigner pitched a Walla Walla team to a 33-0 victory over Pendleton, Ore. "I'm so good," he said afterwards, "all I need is a catcher to lick you guys." The Pendle-

ton team took up the challenge. After considerable discussion, it was decided that Feigner would really need three players in addition to himself "in case we ever got the bases loaded." Using a catcher and two infielders, Feigner humiliated Pendleton, 7-0.

A few years later, Feigner decided to take his four-man show on the road, sent out 385 letters to towns and cities across the U.S., offering to perform the four against nine act for money. He got only one reply, from a town in faraway Florida, so off to Florida he went with three teammates. Since then King Eddie and his courtiers have performed in every state of the U.S. except Alaska, as well as in Latin America and Canada.

Softball is a major spectator sport in the U.S., and Feigner makes a good living out of it. With the King and His Court getting 50% of the gate receipts from each game, Feigner's own income runs to \$45,000 a year.

Partly to amuse the crowds and partly to prove what a great pitcher he is, Feigner does a lot of show-off stunts during every game. He pitches one inning on his knees, another while standing at second base, a third while wearing a blindfold. Sometimes he throws the ball between his legs or behind his back. When the ball is hit back toward the mound, he snares it and, instead of throwing to first, pretends to examine the seams; then, just in time, Feigner fires the ball behind his back and throws the runner out.

Windmill & Whirligig. The King has led an erratic personal life, studded with three divorces and several bouts of psychiatric treatment, but on the playing field he has magnificent control. He walks only one batter in 100. Equipped with what he calls a "free-swinging ball socket" that makes it possible for him to move his arm in a complete, 360° circle, he boasts an arsenal of 19 different windups, 14 distinct delivery motions and five speeds, which give him, as he figures it, more than 1,000 different pitches. They include the "figure-8 windmill with quarter-speed outraise," which

BOB WATKINS



AND HIS COURT AT WORK

One inning on his knees, another from second base and a third while wearing a blindfold.



MASOPUST BOOTING DECISIVE GOAL
"It's more than a game. It's a war."

breaks away from the hitter and upward, and the "whirligig with a cross-fire indrop at three-quarter speed," which breaks in and down. "My arm," says Feigner, "never ceases to amaze even me."

To keep the games from becoming too one-sided, Feigner serves up an easy pitch now and then, sometimes has his teammates deliberately pop up. A powerful slugger, Feigner occasionally helps even things up a bit by going up to hit with a child's 22-in. bat. But King Eddie just can't help being a winner. In a recent game he went to the plate with his 22-in. bat and, after the laughter died down, hit a triple.

SOCCER

Cox's New Kick

In real soccer countries such as Spain and Brazil, championship games draw six-figure crowds. But when a mere 15,231 fans showed up at a Manhattan stadium last week to watch two of Europe's best teams compete for the American Challenge Cup, William Drought Cox, president of the International Soccer League, beamed with delight at the turnout. That is a big soccer crowd in the U.S.—big enough to make soccer pay.

Yaleman Cox, 53, has made a lot of money in business (timber, mining), and lost a lot in sports, investing in such dismal properties as New York's inept football Yankees of the early 1940s, Brooklyn's short-lived football Dodgers, and the Philadelphia Phillies baseball team, which finished seventh the year he owned it. A few years ago he foolishly set out to bring big-time soccer to the soccer-resistant U.S., founded the International Soccer League. It has lost money, predictably, but this year's overall attendance, 288,743, was roughly double the 1960 total, and for a change Cox envisions black ink. Attendance would soar, he is convinced, if the league could get a U.S. team capable

of competing against the top European and Latin American squads that play in the I.S.L.

There seems to be something about soccer that stirs fans to violence. Bloody riots break out every now and then at soccer games in Latin countries, and I.S.L. fans display some of that same ferocity. At one game this year a swarm of fans outraged by a referee's decision rushed onto the field, bloodied the referee's nose and ripped the shirt off his back. "With soccer fans it's more than a game," said a shaken I.S.L. official. "It's war."

To protect referees and players from the fans, many foreign teams maintain wide moats around their fields, but with smaller crowds to cope with, Cox just had a strong fence erected at the stadium for last week's Challenge Cup game. Contestants: West Ham, the British team that won the 1963 I.S.L. championship, and Dukla, a top Czech team. Dukla took the two-game series, 1-0 and 1-1. The margin of victory was a late goal booted in the second game by Left Halfback Josef Masopust, whom European newsmen voted Europe's "player of the year" in 1962. At the victory party, the Dukla coach hoisted a glass of beer and said, "Jsem stastny," meaning, roughly, "I am a happy man." Guest Cox, doubtless thinking of those 15,231 paid admissions, lifted a glass of vodka and said, "Ditto."

SWIMMING

Formula: "Hurt, Pain, Agony"

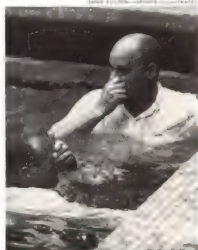
Big Ten swimming is like Big Ten football, the best; and Indiana University's swimming team is the best in the Big Ten. Last week at Oak Park, Ill., the Hoosiers showed how good they are by winning the A.A.U. National Outdoor championship for the sixth year in a row, scoring more than twice as many team points as the nearest competitor.

The main reason for Indiana's dominance is Coach James ("Doc") Counsil-

man, 42, a paunchy, deceptively placid-looking thinker who sums up his approach to training in three jarring words: "hurt, pain, agony." Pushing toward "the ultimate in stress without physical damage," he puts swimmers through hard pool workouts seven days a week, plus calisthenics and isometric exercises. Under the "interval" method that Counsilman follows, swimmers sprint 50 meters and pause for 25 seconds, keeping that up through 40 sprints. He drives himself hard, too, often working a 5 a.m.-to-midnight day. "Hurt, pain, agony swimmers," he says, "need a hurt, pain, agony coach."

Under Counsilman's coaching, Indiana has not lost a two-team meet since 1959. Long an also-swam in Big Ten competition, Indiana demonstrated its new superiority in 1960 by trouncing Michigan, the perennial national champion, and snapping a Wolverine string of 33 straight dual-meet victories. In celebration, Indiana swimmers dumped Counsilman, clothes and all, into the pool. That year four of Counsilman's swimmers made the 17-man U.S. Olympic team, won three gold medals, one silver, one bronze. Members of the present Indiana squad hold world records for the medley relay, individual medley (Ted Stickels), backstroke (Tom Stock) and breast stroke (Chet Jastrzemski).

Honors have piled up for Counsilman. Indiana recently awarded him its 1963 Leather Medal for bringing "the most distinction to the university." (Among the previous winners: Sexpert Alfred Kinsey, Nobel Prizewinning Geneticist Hermann Muller.) The A.A.U. has just named him head coach of the U.S.'s 1964 Olympic swimming team. And five rival Big Ten swimming coaches, for whom Counsilman's success has meant nothing but hurt, pain, agony, have paid him an ultimate tribute: they refuse to compete against Indiana in a two-team meet.



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MEDICINE

CANCER

Shattering the Myth

To many a modern city dweller who lives under a pall of smog, smokes incessantly, worries about fallout and sprays his flowers with pesticides, possible causes of cancer seem to close in on all sides. "It pleases many to think of cancer as a necessary concomitant of civilization," says Scottish Physician C. S. Muir, "a penalty to be paid for the abandonment of the rustic simplicity of a bygone age, a toll to be exacted for the convenience of the automobile and the pleasures of the cigarette." Even doctors dream of some remote part of Africa or Asia, "where, removed from the madding apertures of an alien technology, the inhabitants live out their idyllic, cancer-free lives."

It just isn't so, says Dr. Muir. The real reasons for the apparent scarcity of the disease in underdoctored nations, he reports in *Cancer*, are: 1) most cases are never recognized; 2) even when recognized, many are not reported; 3) few people in underdeveloped countries live long enough to get the most common forms of cancer.

During long service in Singapore, which has many more doctors and vastly better medical facilities than most Eastern countries (except Japan), Dr. Muir found enough statistics to shatter the myth of a cancer-free utopia in the Orient. At first glance the island's cancer death rate appears to be about one-third that of the U.S.: 52 per 100,000 every year, as against 150. But Singapore's population is loaded top-heavily in the lowest age brackets: 33% under ten years old, as against 22% in the U.S. and 16% in England. Only 20% of Singapore's inhabitants are aged 40 or over, as against 35% in the U.S. and 45% in England. Dr. Muir is confident that when diagnosis and death reporting are equally accurate in all countries, the plague of cancer will be recognized as worldwide, but with still-provocative differences in the kinds and sites of the most common cancers in different peoples.

SURGERY

Having a Baby on One Kidney

The resourceful doctors at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital knew how tough a problem it is to transplant a human kidney under the most favorable circumstances. They had already done transplants from two men to their identical twins—and each operation was apparently successful. But what would happen to a transplanted kidney if the recipient were a woman and she later became pregnant?

The Brigham doctors were well aware that pregnancy is notoriously hard on a normal woman's paired kidneys. Vari-

ous degrees of blood poisoning, including the deadliest form known as eclampsia (marked by coma and convulsions), are somehow involved in a pregnant woman's kidney disturbances. Could a single kidney bear the added stresses of pregnancy? The question became a crisis early in 1956 when Wanda Foster and Edith Helm went to Boston from Oklahoma. The twins were 21 years old and both were married, though neither had yet had any children. Edith's longstanding kidney disease had become unmanageable, and the Brigham doctors concluded that only a transplant could save her life. Sister Wanda was willing,

pregnancies. As the Brigham team headed by Surgeon Joseph Murray reported in the *New England Journal of Medicine* last week, this is "gratifying." Beyond the doctors' Yankee reserve, though, is the knowledge that no tougher test of their technique could be devised.

HOSPITALS

Helpful Humidity

Ever since Lord Lister rigged up an apparatus to squirt a curtain spray of phenol around his operating table, surgeons have worried about bacteria flying through the air and into a patient's wound. Trouble is, there has been next to no information about how many germs, of what kinds, are in the operat-



EDITH HELM & WANDA FOSTER WITH THEIR CHILDREN

Five answers to a crucial question.

and graft tests showed that the twins were indeed identical.

Just as in both previous operations, the doctors put the transplanted kidney into the patient's flank. Nature's plumbing is so delicate and complex that the surgical feat of putting a transplanted kidney into its normal place in the human body would have been forbiddingly difficult. And the operation would have been so heroic that a patient as near death as Edith might not have survived.

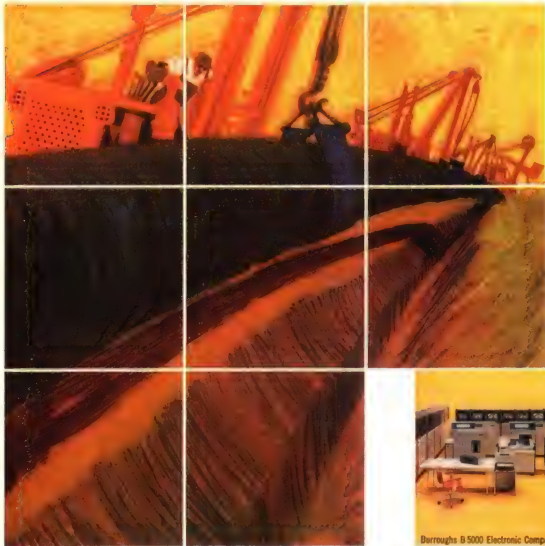
The doctors relaxed when the kidney graft took. But they became understandably tense in January of 1958, when Edith Helm arrived from Sand Springs, Okla., about seven months pregnant. On March 10 she had a normal baby boy by caesarean. Little more than two years later she had a girl, also by caesarean, in Cushing, Okla. Meanwhile, Sister Wanda had had three normal pregnancies and deliveries.

The case of Edith Helm has proved that a kidney transplanted to an unnatural location can do double duty and also withstand the strains of repeated

ing room's air, or—more importantly—about where the bugs come from.

A research team headed by Surgeon Harvey R. Bernard at Barnes Hospital in St. Louis has spent years seeking answers to these fundamental questions. One clear conclusion: surgeons, nurses and patients themselves carry most of the dangerous germs, especially the resistant strains of staphylococci, into the operating theater. Relatively few appear in the air, and it makes little difference whether the air is continually drawn fresh from outdoors, or whether it is recirculated after filtering.

It is the humidity, Dr. Bernard's team reports in *Surgery*, that contributes most to the safety of the air. Fortunately, what is comfortable for people seems to be deadly for many bacteria, notably staph. The germs thrive in dry air (relative humidity less than 35%), and in moist air (65% or over). They languish and die in the middle zone. So the St. Louis researchers recommend keeping the humidity control on operating-room air conditioners at the 50%



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HEREDITY

Detecting Poisons at Birth

In Massachusetts, just before a newborn baby is taken home from the hospital he is given a novel goodbye: a doctor takes hold of him and jabs a lancet into his heel. From the resulting tiny puncture, the doctor squeezes three drops of blood, one each into circles printed on a piece of filter paper. With a midjet bandage stuck on his heel, the baby is ready to leave. There is still one more formality: the mother gets a leaflet explaining the purpose of the jab in the heel and why she should have it repeated when the baby is a month old.

The Massachusetts department of public health decided a year ago to turn the commonwealth into a proving ground for an all-out attack on an inherited metabolic disorder, phenylketonuria or PKU, which causes severe mental retardation. (At least 5,000 of the 5.5 million mentally retarded in the U.S. are PKU victims.) Because of a defective gene inherited from both parents, a PKU baby cannot make use of phenylalanine, which is found in most protein foods, and the poison that accumulates in his system as a result permanently damages the brain. But if PKU is detected early enough, a special diet will avert nearly all the damage. The difficulty lies in early detection. In the laboratory, the blood spots on the filter paper will reveal PKU.

All maternity services in Massachusetts now do the heel test before discharging a baby. But the child may then be no more than four days old, which is a little too early for PKU to be detected with certainty. Hence the advice to the mother: take the month-old baby to a pediatrician for a second test. In case the mother has no pediatrician, or feels she cannot afford to use one, the health department gives her an alternative. Along with the explanatory leaflet the mother gets some filter paper, with instructions to put a piece inside the baby's diaper. After the wet diaper is removed, the mother dries the paper and mails it to a state laboratory, where chemical analysis will diagnose PKU. This urine test is rated useful, but not quite as reliable as the heel-blood test.

From the first few months of the voluntary plan, its value was clear, and now an act of the General Court of Massachusetts has made testing mandatory. Only a year ago, the frequency of PKU was estimated at one in every 20,000 births. Then authorities began to suspect it might be twice as high. But among the first 40,000 babies tested in Massachusetts, eight cases were detected—an incidence of one in 5,000 births. For the whole U.S., that would be 800 PKU babies a year.

MILESTONES

Born. To Steven Clark Rockefeller, 27, divinity student son of New York's Governor; and Anne-Marie Rasmussen Rockefeller, 25, Norwegian-born former housemaid in the Rockefeller home; their second child, first daughter; in Manhattan.

Born. To John Struthers, 46, \$46.50-a-week factory worker in Sydney, Australia; and Janette Struthers, 44; a twin boy and girl, their fifth set of twins; bringing their family to 14 children. Said Struthers to his children as he came back from the hospital: "Mummy's done it again."

Married. Robert Goulet, 29, nightclub and stage baritone (Lancelotti in *Camelot*); and Carol Lawrence, 30, the original Maria of *West Side Story*; both for the second time; in Manhattan.

Divorced. Marshall Field Jr., 47, proprietor of a Chicago publishing empire (*Sun-Times*, *Daily News*, *World Book Encyclopedia*); by Katherine Woodruff Field, 35, his second wife; after 13 years of marriage, three children; on grounds of mental cruelty; in Reno.

Died. Clifford Odets, 57, social-protest playwright during the Great Depression (*Waiting for Lefty*, *Awake and Sing*), later a highly paid writer of slick movie scripts (*Sweet Smell of Success*); of cancer; in Los Angeles. The contrast between Odets' early proletarian dramas and his Hollywood work inspired the celebrated jab, "Odets, where is thy sting?"

Died. The Rev. Charles Dismas Clark, 61, Roman Catholic priest who devoted his life to helping released convicts in St. Louis get jobs and go straight (he took his middle name from the pseudographical name of the good thief crucified by the side of Jesus); of a heart attack; in St. Louis.

Died. Richard Barthelmess, 68, square-jawed movie idol of the '20s and '30s, best remembered as the country-boy hero of *To Have and Have Not* and the rescuer of distraught D. W. Griffith heroines in *Broken Blossoms* and *Way Down East*, a canny New Yorker who invested his savings well, lived out a comfortable retirement (since 1942) with a Long Island mansion and a yacht; of cancer; in Southampton, N.Y.

Died. Charles Seymour, 78, historian and teacher, known to his students as "Bonnie Prince Charlie," who as president of Yale University from 1937 to 1950 reorganized science faculties, established an Oriental language center, defended Yale's academic independence ("We seek the truth, and will endure the consequences"); after a long illness; in Chatham, Mass.

RELIGION

LUTHERANS

Justifying Justification

Man sins—and is saved. But is he saved through a life of piety and good works, or through abiding faith in Christ as Lord and Savior? The question of justification, which in the theological sense is the way in which man achieves freedom from guilt, is as old as Christianity, and so is the battle over what the right answer is. The latest skirmish in this theological war was fought this month in Helsinki, where 800 delegates to the fourth Assembly of the Lutheran World Federation spent twelve days trying to produce a modern statement of Luther's classic Reformation doctrine that man is justified by faith alone. The debate ended in failure; after rejecting two separate drafts, the delegates turned the rewriting job over to a new theological commission, with orders to try again for the next assembly in 1969.

Even the New Testament seems to offer two contradictory interpretations of justification. The pseudonymous author of St. James's Epistle urged his readers to be "doers of the word, and not hearers only," and sternly warns that "faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone." But the mighty St. Paul proclaimed to Christendom that Jesus Christ had freed his followers from obedience to the duties and behavior prescribed by the Jewish law, and that "the just shall live by faith."

Man's Depravity. The Gnostics of early Christianity, who claimed to possess a "secret wisdom" left them by Jesus, argued that they were exempt from provisions of moral law, and for so believing were expelled from the church. The British monk Pelagius, who died around 418, in effect contended that man could achieve salvation by his own actions apart from God's gift of grace; he was forcibly countered by St. Augustine of Hippo, who emphasized the utter depravity of man and the absolute necessity of Christ's death at Calvary for redemption.

The Middle Ages' Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, hewed to a middle way that became the orthodoxy of the modern Roman Catholic Church after it was canonized by the Council of Trent in the 16th century. Aquinas taught that faith was essential to salvation, but so were good acts done under the influence of faith. St. Thomas' successors failed to preserve his careful balance. Late medieval theology overemphasized active piety: Christians were encouraged to expiate the punishment for their sins that awaited them in purgatory by gaining papally-provided indulgences—available for such good works as donating money to ecclesiastical building funds.

An Unworthy Friar. It was the sale of indulgences for good works that touched

off Martin Luther to publish his 95 theses at Wittenberg. As a devout young Augustinian friar, Luther had been obsessed by the thought of his unworthiness as a sinful man before God, and no routine of works, confession, penance or asceticism could mitigate his spiritual anxiety. But seated one day in the study of the monastery, as he later related, Luther suddenly gained an insight into what St. Paul meant by the just living by faith. Luther interpreted Paul to mean that the sinner was justified only by a gift of God's grace, which came solely through faith in Christ's redemptive act of dying on the Cross. Because of man's unworthiness, good works could not affect God's favoring glance; they were simply "the fruits of faith"—



SELLING INDULGENCES

Where Martin Luther walked out.

the response of man to divine favor. "Here I realized," Luther wrote later, "that I had been truly reborn, and had entered Paradise itself through open doors."

The doctrine of justification by faith alone was the keystone of the Reformation. Although modified in various ways by Calvinists and Anabaptists, justification by faith was accepted by every Protestant church. In the earliest Reformation confessions, Lutheran Theologian Werner Elert sums up, justification is "the nucleus; in the later ones it is the central point; in the most recent ones it is the assumption that no longer can be called into question." But at Helsinki, justification and its meaning for modern man came in for some severe questioning. "It is an open secret," charged Dr. Gerhard Gloger of Bonn University, "that today neither the church nor the world knows what to do with this doctrine of justification. For the fathers it was the fountain and

rule of faith and life. For the church today it is clearly an embarrassment."

Closer to Rome? One reason that it embarrasses churchmen, suggested a rejected draft of a Federation statement on justification, is the plain fact that even after four centuries, justification by faith alone is only vaguely comprehensible to millions. Another is that downgrading works seems less acceptable than ever to self-justifying, activist modern man. A third and more serious challenge to traditional Lutheran thinking came from the Federation's Commission on Theology: modern Biblical study makes it clear that justification is not, as Luther thought, the dominating theme of the New Testament.

Ironically, re-examination of this central Protestant doctrine could some day lead to a gradual healing of the breach between Rome and Reformation. Dr. Johannes Witte of Rome's Gregorian University, one of two Roman Catholic observers at the assembly, argued that many modern Lutheran interpretations of justification, by stressing the life of faith rather than the initial encounter with God, are moving closer to Catholic doctrine. And Catholic scholars are quick to notice the similarities: in a 1957 book that rocked German theological circles, Father Hans Küng of Tübingen argued that Karl Barth's understanding of justification was essentially compatible with the teachings of the Council of Trent. For Theologian Barth, God's grace, acquired through faith, implies a command to service in this life.

Today other Roman Catholic theologians are exploring anew the literature of the Reformation in an attempt to discover where disagreement may have been due to a misunderstanding of terms. So unpolymical is this exploration, reports Yale Theologian George Lindbeck, a Lutheran observer at the Vatican Council, that in Germany, "Lutherans feel right now that the Roman Catholic theologians are so enthusiastic about dissolving differences that they feel they must remind the Roman Catholics that some outstanding differences still remain."

Pastor for the Federation

Despite their quarrels over justification, the delegates at Helsinki had no trouble in picking a successor to Dr. Franklin Clark Fry as president of the Lutheran World Federation for the next six years. He is shy, solemn Dr. Fredrik Axel Schiotz, 62, president of the 2,300,000-member American Lutheran Church, which has its greatest strength among Midwesterners of Scandinavian and German origins.

Schiotz is a self-effacing pastor, and thus is one of the least-known important Lutherans in the country. Nevertheless, he has been a key man in much of the behind-the-scenes conciliation that makes ecumenism work. In 1956 he led the old Evangelical Lutheran Church into the World Council of



PRESIDENT SCHOTZ

Conciliation behind the scenes.

Churches. Next he played a major role in the negotiations that brought the Evangelical Lutherans into the A.L.C. The target now: intercommunion with Fry's Lutheran Church in America.

The Isolated Synod

"Beware of false prophets," Jesus warned, and St. Paul urged the church at Ephesus to "mark them which cause divisions and offenses contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them." For the 350,000 members of the Wisconsin Evangelical Lutheran Synod, these injunctions forbid taking part in the "false ecumenism" of modern Christianity, and even sharing worship with other Lutherans who interpret differently the doctrines of the Reformation. Carrying out this belief, the Wisconsiners at their biennial convention in Milwaukee last week broke away from their oldest ally among the nation's conservative Lutheran churches.

"In solemn protest against the departure of the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod from the historical position of the Lutheran Synodical Conference," the delegates voted overwhelmingly to leave the conference and end co-sponsorship with Missouri of several joint welfare and missionary programs. Missouri's sin: working with more liberal bodies who belong to the National Lutheran Council, which Wisconsin regards as a center of downright heresy.

The break with Missouri leaves the nation's fourth largest Lutheran Church as isolated as when it began. Founded in Granville (now a Milwaukee suburb) by three German missionary pastors in 1850, the Synod later joined with Missouri and four other Lutheran groups in the Synodical Conference "to encourage and strengthen one another in faith and confession." Neither Missouri nor Wisconsin took any part in the mergers that led to the creation of the American Lutheran Church and the Lutheran Church in America.

Without question, Wisconsin is now

the most rigidly fundamentalist of all Lutheran groups. All pastors must teach that the Bible cannot err even in details, that God created the world in six 24-hour days, that Moses was the author of the Pentateuch. Wisconsin churches hardly ever join with other Christian groups in sponsoring civic projects. But "we aren't ogres," says Pastor James Schaefer of Milwaukee's Atonement Church. "We enjoy a martini once in a while, and some of us even say 'dammit' from time to time."

Wisconsin's president, Pastor Oscar J. Naumann, 54, is similarly tolerant in secular affairs. "But on a matter which affects our hope for salvation—Scripture—there can be no compromise," he says. Until Missouri reforms, adds Pastor Schaefer, "we cannot pray with them, we cannot work with them, we cannot worship with them and, by extension, with anyone else who does."

ANGLICANS

One Big Family

"Heaven save us from a jamboree," cried the Most Rev. Donald Coggan, Archbishop of York. But he need not have feared: the Second Anglican Congress in Toronto opened last week with more than its share of bibe and fight. Billed as a family gathering of the 18 autonomous churches that make up the Anglican Communion, the Toronto Congress amply demonstrated that the family today is one, big, and far from happy with its place in the world.

At the first working session Canon Max Warren, general secretary of England's Church Missionary Society, rose to contend that "God was at work" in a pair of non-Anglican thinkers who are customarily linked among religion's enemies: Karl Marx and Sigmund Freud. Warren argued that the modern Chris-

tian concern for social justice "owes not a little, under God, to the stimulus of Marx," and that Christians who really understand the value of psychoanalysis "will humbly thank God for his grace at work in Freud."

Civil rights raised more furor. At an executive meeting of the House of Bishops the night before the Congress opened, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S.A. endorsed the Washington civil rights march next week, and passed a resolution urging both laymen and ministers to join it. But there were some quiet dissents from Southern Episcopalians. "The resolution was not the way to accomplish anything," complained Bishop George Gunn of Southern Virginia. "Mass meetings don't help anybody." And at an open session of the Congress, Layman Francis T. West of Martinsville, Va., complained that by using Christianity as a front in the civil rights issue, the church "thus becomes a mere handmaiden of the pseudoliberals." West's speech earned a mixture of scattered applause and hisses.

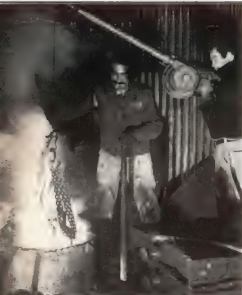
The loosely knit Anglican family is drawing closer together and beginning to see the need for more action in common. In his unity-centered keynote address, the Most Rev. Michael Ramsey, Archbishop of Canterbury and primate of the Communion, called for a new sharing of missionary responsibilities. "Let African and Asian missionaries come to England to help to convert the post-Christian heathenism in our country and to convert our English Church to a closer following of Christ," he said. The archbishop may get his wish some day. At a meeting of an advisory council of Anglican prelates, the churches worked out a plan that included a better distribution of missionary work among the branches of the Communion.

COURTESY PRESS



CONGRESS DELEGATES AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH IN TORONTO

Hisses in open session.



VOULKOS IN FOUNDRY



EIGHT-FOOT BRONZE

Out of little rooms at midnight.

The Clay Movement

First he spun the soft wet clay into flat dishes, then bulging pots. Slapping them together, he formed twisting columns and knobby mountains. He hardened and fired them into strong ceramic towers, and suddenly they ceased being pottery and became sculpture.

Peter Voukos' rough, ragged monuments are powerful weapons against the slick coffee-table pottery that often passes for modern art, and already a generation of fierce West Coast individualists has joined him at the barricades. Their fast-burgeoning "clay movement" dominates a wide-ranging, determinedly original show of California sculpture, organized by the ambitious Oakland Art Museum, now on display in the four-acre garden atop Oakland's Kaiser Center parking garage.

Bronze & Clay. Two of Voukos' works in the show are clay, the other is bronze. Twenty years ago, after growing up in the tough world of Montana sheepherders, Voukos got a job making castings in a Portland iron foundry. Artisans led to art. At first he tried painting but found the materials too thin: he thickened his paint with sand, gradually moved to clay and worked searchingly until he discovered all its possibilities. Monumentality gripped him from the beginning. "I had lots of stuff fall down on me," he says. "I'd be up on a ladder and working, and all of a sudden I'd be on the floor, under a mass of wet clay."

He needed sterner stuff—and recalled his days in the foundry. Joining the art faculty of the University of California at Berkeley, Voukos and two fellow teachers organized a foundry on the junk-strewn east shore of San Francisco Bay. There he now works with huge wax blobs, which he melts and presses into thin sheets. He shapes the sheets into curvilinear planes, joins them into tormented, zigzagging giant winged

forms, finally casts them in bronze and welds them into thrusting, soaring pieces of sculpture.

Big Is Little. Though metal, these works share the essence of Voukos' clays: great size, roughness, the look of having been shaped not by tools but by his own long-fingered hands and powerful arms. The clay movement has become California's first native contribution to contemporary sculpture. Dozens of potters and post-potters, led by Voukos' colleague John Mason, are busy around Los Angeles, and Voukos, now 39, carries on in the San Francisco Bay area.

"I often tell my students to make the best cup in the world," he says. "They struggle with it, and all at once that cup becomes everything." He explains the bigness of his work by calling it little. "When I'm out in the trees and flowers, it all looks so immense," Voukos broods. "The sky is big and the trees are big. What I do suddenly seems terribly small. Maybe that's why I like to work in little rooms at midnight."

Official Artist

Whatever Louis XIV wanted, Louis XIV got—in art as well as in life. In payment he gave royal protection, and no one basked more deliciously in the Sun King's rays than Charles Le Brun. "First Painter of the King" and for 20 years the absolute arbiter and benevolent tyrant of *le bon goût français*. Swept into museum storerooms as succeeding generations downgraded 17th century classicism, Le Brun has been rehabilitated this summer in an almost too complete exhibition at the Château de Versailles.

The setting could not be more appropriate: Le Brun's long career winged toward Versailles like an arrow to the bull's-eye. Son of a sculptor, he is said to have made sketches in his cradle. When he was not yet 15, he won the patronage of Chancellor Pierre Séguier

(see color), who later sent him to Rome to study with the expatriate classicist Poussin. Le Brun was solidly attached to the papal court of the Barberini family, and after the Pamphilis took over, he headed back to France. Plunging into the Parisian artistic establishment, Le Brun helped organize the Royal Academy, became its rector, and began to tighten his grip on the new generation of painters and decorators.

Convenient Deaths. Fortune and a delicate skill in personnel placement did wonders for his position: both his teacher, Vouet, whom he was to replace as dean of Parisian artists, and an early rival, Eustache Le Sueur, conveniently died. Sighed Le Brun: "Death has relieved me of a thorn in the foot." Astutely, he promoted a French Academy in Rome, and with characteristic magnanimity dispatched his chief surviving Paris rival, Charles Errard, to be its rector.

Louis XIV granted Le Brun the articles of nobility in 1662, and the road to Versailles was open. The King put Le Brun in charge of redecorating the Gallery of Apollo at the Louvre after the fire of 1661, then appointed him to decorate the great Versailles complex. The artist spent a decade designing the palace interiors, decorating the Hall of Mirrors and the Galleries of War and of Peace, planning the garden statuary and constructing the stairways. Tirelessly, he decorated the famous pavilions and chateau of Louis' Bismarckian minister, Jean-Baptiste Colbert, at the Parisian suburb of Sceaux, and somehow found time to follow the royal retinue on military campaigns abroad. Dutifully he painted scenes of glory after the battles were won and the surrenders were given.

Even Locks & Bolts. Le Brun's artistic dictatorship was centered in the workshops of the Gobelins, where he directed the manufacture of tapestries, furniture, sculpture, mosaics, wood inlay—even locks and bolts. The style is called "Louis Quatorze," but it might as well be "Charles Le Brun"; seldom has a single man so completely shaped the look of his age. His best paintings were perfectly drawn and meticulously detailed scenes of grand battles and formal parades, but he was also a consummate portraitist with a little-used gift for capturing the nuances of feeling.

By the end of his life at 70, in the late years of the "splendid century," the romantic rebellion against Le Brun's classicism had already begun, foreshadowed by his own experiments with the portrayal of emotion. Academism was coming increasingly under fire, and critics accused Le Brun of stifling originality for the sake of royal favors; they said that no one could have such success and maintain standards of quality. What they forgot was the sweeping unity of art that Le Brun was able to impose on France in an era whose splendor was measured not in flashes of light but in the glow of good taste.

CHARLES LE BRUN: PAINTER TO THE KING

TENDER SIDE of Le Brun, who was virtual boss of official French art under Louis XIV, is shown in this sketch of the child of Banker Evrard Jabach.



LOUIS XIV MUSEUM

RECORDING HISTORY. Le Brun painted French Chancellor Pierre Séguier in the entourage of Queen Marie Thérèse as they entered Paris in 1660.



LOUIS XIV MUSEUM



WHEN YOU'VE NO TIME TO SPARE, take this advice about selecting your insurance. Turn the job over to a man who **has** the time . . . the talent . . . and the training to help you plan a sound protection program, your USF&G agent. Whether you're building a business or a home or your family's security, consult a USF&G agent or broker as you would your doctor or lawyer.

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MODERN LIVING

HOBBIES

It's Not Just Money

When the mint needs money—that's news. Not news that U.S. Mint Director Eva B. Adams wants to shout from the housetops; she fears that too much publicity about a coin shortage may make matters worse by encouraging hoarding. But in fact, pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters and half dollars are all in short supply, though the mints in Denver and Philadelphia are working around the clock to plink them out, and the American Bankers Association has requested its 13,125 member banks to poke around in their vaults for any stockpiled coins that could be put into circulation.

Chief reasons for the coin shortage are the growing population, the increased gross national product, the proliferation of vending machines and parking meters, and the penny-gobbling of local sales taxes. A factor that is harder to measure is the mushroom growth of one of America's fastest-growing hobbies—numismatics.

Scandalous Speculators. There are some 8,000,000 coin collectors in the U.S. today, and their numbers are growing so fast that the prices of coins—rare and not so rare—are skyrocketing. Items:

► A 1909S-VDB Lincoln penny worth \$13.50 in 1953, was worth \$165 last year and \$310 today.

► A 1926D Buffalo nickel, worth \$5 in 1953, brought \$45 in 1962 and \$190 this year.

► Only two years ago, an 1856 "Flying Eagle" penny could be had for \$800; today it sells for \$2,500.

► Among really valuable items are the 1804 silver dollar, which brought \$36,000 at its last sale, and the Brasher Doubloon, which the coin department of Gimbels in Manhattan has insured for \$100,000.

Numismatists (from *nomisma*, Greek for anything sanctioned by usage, the current coin) include such diverse types as the late business wheeler-dealer Samuel Wolfson, ex-King Farouk (who sold his collection for about \$3,000,000), Jayne Mansfield and Cardinal Spellman. But most collectors are children: these days they can even begin their numismatic careers at Woolworth's, which has installed coin departments in several of its stores.

Scandal of the coin world is the way these beginners are being threatened by speculators. This month, for instance, before and during the Denver convention of the American Numismatic Association, the price for a roll of 40 Jefferson 50D (which signifies 1950 minting in the Denver plant) nickels jumped from \$500 to \$750, then settled at \$700.

Another basic low-priced item in any U.S. coin collection is proof sets—packets of specially polished samples of the half dollar, quarter, dime, nickel and



1856 CENT



1804 DOLLAR



BRASHER DOUBLOON

penny sold by the U.S. mint for \$2.10. About 200,000 of the proof sets for 1960 had a smaller-than-average zero in the date on the penny, and the price for these has bounced within the past few weeks from \$26 to \$38.

One of a Kind. Most top coin collectors avoid publicity; even though their collections are usually in safe-deposit boxes, burglars may be tempted to break into their houses on the off chance of picking up a few valuable coins. And with the exception of really rare pieces, it is almost impossible to trace coins: one collection that has vanished is the 444-coin group assembled by former Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder, which was stolen last Nov. 12. The only complete collection of U.S. coins belongs to Baltimore Banker Louis Eliasberg, who keeps it in a safe-deposit vault.

Eliasberg began collecting in 1928, when his family returned from Europe with some unspent foreign coins. In 1951 he bought the coin that made the collection complete: an 1873CC dime for which he paid \$4,000. His most valuable coin, though, is a \$3 gold piece minted in San Francisco in 1870. Its rarity cannot be exceeded, for it is the only one in existence.

AUTOMATION

1410 Is Watching

Today's Americans are a submissive lot. A generation ago, when someone suggested collecting everyone's fingerprints and filing them with the FBI, the civil libertarians shrieked with rage. But these days, hardly any U.S. auto driver knows—or seems to care—about a big grey machine in Washington that clicks and whirs month in, month out, at the task of monitoring a motorist's habits on the highway.

The machine is the IBM 1410 computer of the U.S. Commerce Department's National Driver Register Service.



WOOLWORTH'S COIN DEPARTMENT

An epidemic of numismatic fever.

a little-known Government body set up by an Act of Congress 21 years ago. It is a step toward a computerized Big Brotherhood that may one day be keeping elaborate tabs on everybody.

All U.S. citizens who have had their drivers' licenses revoked for drunken driving or who have been in a fatal crash are listed in a master file, against which the computer can check any new license application and flash a reply within 24 hours to the state that sends it. Although there is a move on to broaden the machine's purview, present law prevents the computer from registering any other offense (parking, running red lights, etc.), and subsequent acquittals, or other altered court judgments are caught by interstate exchange of records. So far, only the District of Columbia, Missouri and Maryland send all their applications in for checking.

Most states check only names that are new in the state or seem to be "suspicious characters": Massachusetts, Delaware, Georgia and Florida do not participate in the project at all. But no fewer than 24,000 fraudulent applications have been turned up to date, and the states are sending in more and more applications for checking—300% more in fiscal 1963 than in the previous year.

The 1410 handily nabs such types as one Washingtonian who lost his District of Columbia license, got another in Virginia, and when that was revoked, picked up one in Maryland—which he was carrying when he killed a five-year-old child. The computer also has a wily way of watching out for name changers; when, for instance, someone named A. Joseph Doaks applies in another state as Aloysius J. Doaks.

Sometimes the electronic brain casts a long shadow. A man at the drivers' license bureau in Phoenix read about the checking system on his application and turned tail so fast that he ran right through the license bureau's plate-glass office door.

SCIENCE

SPACE EXPLORATION

Above the Green Veil

The night sky is never completely black. Even when the moon is down, the stars and nebulae give off some light. And that small glow is equalled by a chilly, luminous layer far out in space which surrounds the earth like a diaphanous green veil.

Scientists have been studying this "airglow" layer for more than 40 years, and astronomers were cursing it long before that. Its faint green lumines-

over South America, Cooper caught a glimpse of a thin, barely visible rust-colored layer roughly 70 miles higher than the green stratum he had been searching for. His sighting confirmed an earlier report by Astronaut Wally Schirra, and scientists now suspect the green veil may be topped by a red one made up of photochemically stimulated atomic oxygen.

NUCLEAR PHYSICS

The Search for Ξ^0

In the alphabet-soup world of subatomic physics, only one letter was missing. The equations of quantum theory had indicated the existence of 17 pairs of basic "building blocks"—particles and anti-particles, balanced by opposite electrical charges, and physicists had long since spotted and labeled the 17 normal particles. Once they got their huge, high-energy accelerators working in the late 1950s, they matched 16 of these bits of matter with their anti-particle mates. All that remained was the elusive Ξ^0 (anti-Xi-zero). In September 1961, a group of Yale University and Brookhaven National Laboratory physicists set out to find it.

Working with Brookhaven's powerful Alternating Gradient Synchrotron, they slammed a stream of antiprotons into a bubble chamber full of liquid hydrogen. As the antiprotons hit the stationary hydrogen nuclei—which were also protons—they annihilated each other, giving off energy and filling the 20-in. chamber with a sudden splash of new, extremely short-lived particles.

Somewhere among all those collisions, if theory was correct, the anti-Xi-zero particle had been born, had lived and died—all in one ten-billionth of a second. The physicists began searching through some 300,000 photographs of the reaction to find the elusive particle. Last week, nearly two years later, they reported success in *Physical Review Letters*.

What had made the search so difficult was the fact that the anti-Xi-zero particle carries no charge, therefore left no track on the photographic plate as it careened through the bubble chamber. To locate anti-Xi-zero, the physicists first had to find the byproducts of the collision that produced it. These visible byproducts could only have been balanced by the invisible anti-Xi-zero, which would decay an instant later, leaving visible debris. Of the 300,000 photographs they examined, only three showed the predicted evidence of collision and decay that could only have come from anti-Xi-zero.

By verifying the existence of anti-Xi-zero, the Yale-Brookhaven team* com-

pleted the alphabet of the first family of subatomic particles. But during their long search, other physicists also were busy. Several new arrangements of fundamental building blocks have already been postulated, and some of them leave gaps that may be filled by still more particles. The long search seems certain to continue.

ORNITHOLOGY

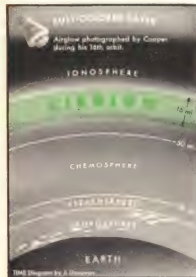
Portrait of a Predator

The more he watched the clumsy, black-and-white wood stork as it fished in the muddy Florida swamp, the more vacationing Zoologist Marvin Philip Kahl Jr. was puzzled. As the big bird slogged awkwardly through the murky, weed-choked water, its long, curved beak dangling half open, it was hardly the picture of a successful predator. Yet it was snagging a fish every couple of seconds. How was it spotting its prey?

Determined to find the answer, Kahl captured a pair of the birds, brought them back to the University of Georgia campus, and studied the problem with the help of Professor L. J. Peacock. One stork was fitted out with segments of a blackened pingpong ball over each eye, and both birds were turned loose in a shallow pool filled with minnows. The blinkered stork slogged ahead, snapping up fish as quickly as its wide-eyed mate. Vision, the two zoologists explained in the British magazine *Nature*, has no part in the wood stork's fishing technique. The bird's beak is something like a repeating mouse trap, snapping shut on anything that touches it. If a fish so much as brushes against either of the bird's mandibles, the beak closes in as little as nineteen-thousandths of a second. By contrast, the human eye takes forty-thousandths of a second to blink when startled. This reflex makes the wood stork the fastest fisherman on record, and certainly gives it the fastest jaws in the drawing South.



AMERICAN WOOD STORK
Fast on the jaw.

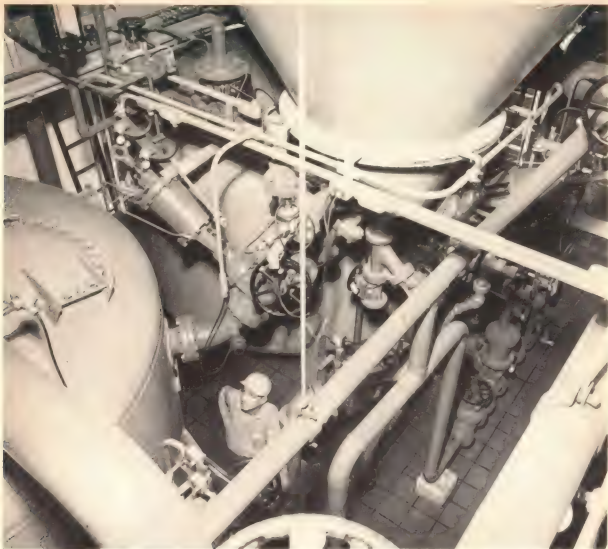


cence, which is probably caused by the recombination of irradiated oxygen atoms, masks dim but fascinating stars from earthbound telescopes. And not until men learned how to climb above that shimmering stratum in spacecraft could observers be sure of its altitude and thickness.

Astronauts John Glenn and Scott Carpenter both looked down on the airglow layer from their soaring Mercury capsules and found it as bright from that vantage point as the earth under a quarter moon. Then, last May, Gordon Cooper took a special camera aloft with him and photographed the airglow as he passed over Australia on his 16th orbit. With color film twice as fast as anything available commercially, he shot a sharply defined green band 16 miles thick, distinct from the blue-white earth some 65 miles below. "It must have been a tremendous sticking-up all around," says Physicist Edward P. Ney, who prepared the experiment along with two University of Minnesota colleagues.

Though what Cooper saw in the green veil was no surprise to scientists, the astronaut did manage to jolt them with another discovery. As he passed

* Including Yale Physics Professor Horace D. Taft, son of Ohio's late Republican Senator Robert A. Taft.



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MUSIC

COMPOSERS

The Mists of Ecstasy

At midafternoon almost every day this month, mannerly crowds file into the drab and muggy Festspielhaus in Bayreuth to witness an opera by Richard Wagner. It is nearly midnight when they file out again—hungry and exhausted, perhaps, but elevated by a sense of hard cultural accomplishment. The music, as always, has worked its mystic wonders on them, but—except for that band of initiates known as Wagnerites—the drama has left them plagued by

OPERA-PICTURE



WAGNERITES AT BAYREUTH

An insolent braggart, an emotional bully—and always a naked woman at his side.

the kind of metaphysical confusion that comes from attending services at somebody else's church.

Down on Your Knees. This year is the 150th anniversary of Wagner's birth, and Bayreuth Festival pilgrims whose health can stand it may see, in a single week, the complete *Ring* (14½ hours), *Parsifal* (4½ hours), *Tristan and Isolde* (4 hours) and *Die Meistersinger* (4½ hours). Among each night's full house are a dozen or so operatic masochists who attend every festival performance every year—an annual dose of 111 hours of straight Wagner swallowed in only 28 days. If this regime is not enough to cure them, there are museums that boast such exhibits as "Silver Toothpick Belonging to R. Wagner." Wagner's house, his books, the couch on which he died—all have been preserved, along with some 5,000 assorted volumes addressed to the man and his work.

But even with the exquisite degree of scholarship that has been expended on Wagner, he remains the most disputed composer of all the masters. Few deny

the immensity of his musical genius (one Italian critic listens to Wagner recordings only while down on his knees). The world's orchestras have been permanently reformed and enriched by his advanced ear for harmony and color. Still, there are those who insist that Wagner's music should be outgrown by 20, like acne, an opinion that seems as eccentric as Wagner's own sham intellectualism. He was everything from eugenicist to antivivisectionist to amateur Buddhist, but recent and serious studies of his work still call him as much a philosopher as a composer.

Merely a Monster. Wagner is, indeed, the only composer in history whose work amounts to an authentic



RHINE MAIDENS

ism; no one ever speaks of "Bachism" or "Mozartism," but Wagnerism has emerged as a way of life more than once, usually with unfortunate results. Ludwig II, the Mad King of Bavaria, was an ardent disciple, but Wagner's most disastrous convert was Hitler, who said that an understanding of Nazi Germany required an understanding of Wagner. Hitler became a vegetarian in imitation of Wagner and liked to think that his SS embodied the spirit of *Parsifal*'s Knights of the Grail. While listening to Wagner, friends reported, Hitler became lost in the same mists of ecstasy Wagner himself once breathed.

Hitler's devotion is hardly the composer's fault, but Wagner had much in common with his disciple. He was a worshiper of force, a captive of the primitive and irrational, an anti-Semite and a Teutonic racist. In private life, he was merely a monster—a welsher on debts, a ranting and insolent braggart, an emotional bully who rifled through other men's wives like playing cards as he searched for a woman

who was also a Wagnerite. Said his grandson, Wieland Wagner: "In his dreams, Grandfather always had a naked woman at his side."

Two-Headed Calves. His world-view was just as feverish; in pursuit of his pan-German political ideal, he risked gunfire at riots, wrote jingoist music and poems as gifts for the government and, off and on, spent a dozen years in exile. Eventually he absorbed Christianity into Wagnerism, but like a snake's swallowing a pig, the maneuver changed his appearance more than his character. His mystic world remains an alien place, populated by collapsing heroines and atavistic heroes dwelling in such dark locales as the Rhine's swampy bottom, locales at each other in some of the ugliest German ever written, praising dreadful old gods with long beads.

Now, 80 years after Wagner's death, his opera has dwindled in popularity at an astonishing rate. At the turn of the century, five of the ten most frequently produced operas at the Met were Wagner's; in the last decade only one was among the top 20. "The demands of Wagner are excessive in every way," says Boston Symphony Orchestra Conductor Erich Leinsdorf. "He asked for the largest orchestra ever, incredible sets, and singers in each role who have a double voice—singers as rare as two-headed calves. Once we had Melchior and Flagstad. In recent years—only Birgit Nilsson."

Metropolitan Manager Rudolf Bing, who confesses to a private distaste for Wagner, echoes Leinsdorf: "You cannot do Wagner without the greatest voices—and these voices no longer exist in enough number to support many productions. What's more, the damn things last five hours, and they cost a fortune. When you consider all these things, you decide: let's do Puccini instead."

The Gift. A conspiracy of taste and circumstance has thus spared the music world further serious concern with what Wagner had to say. What survives is his music—played in edited orchestral versions that spare listeners both the unendurable length and the muddy message of the complete operas. The prelude to *Die Meistersinger* was the work most played by symphony orchestras in the U.S. last year, and close behind it were orchestral excerpts from *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*. Such music is perhaps the most glorious ever written, a gift to the soul as much as the ear.

QUARTETS

Conversation of Strings

The four men worked in shirtsleeves, practicing alone on the barren stage, rigid on their chairs, laboring in total concentration to draw from their instruments the warm, expressive voices that exemplify the string quartet. They moved quickly through the music, seldom speaking, marking cues in their scores, skipping past the easy to bear down on the difficult. Then, with only a brief break to relax from the tension of

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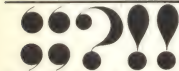
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TIME, AUGUST 23, 1963

the severe rehearsal, the Juilliard String Quartet strode to center stage at the Tanglewood Theater-Concert Hall last week, greeted a rapt audience with deep bows, and presented a program of contemporary chamber music played with a unity of excellence that is matchless in the world today.

Parlor Talk. The Juilliard is now 17 years old, and its reputation is safely established. Only the aging and conservative Budapest String Quartet approaches Juilliard's mastery of the quartet repertory, but in modern music Juilliard's technique and understanding are unique. The nature of the string quartet inevitably suggests a conversation, and the Juilliard players have an agility and intelligence that pitch and color the tone of each voice to enrich the spirit of the composer. Their Mozart is 18th century parlor talk, Beethoven can sound like stentorian and political argument, Bartok and Schoenberg are full of menacing whispers and terrified screams.

To achieve the musical and personal rapport that such expressiveness requires, the players cultivate an emotional generosity toward one another that reminds them all of a good marriage. First Violinist Robert Mann, 43, and Violist Raphael Hillyer, 49, charter members of the quartet, are a perfect match for musicmaking—Mann the easy, natural leader, Hillyer the intense, nervous brooder. Second Violinist Isidore Cohen, 40, who joined in 1958, seldom speaks except when spoken to—a towering virtue in a second violinist—and Cellist Claus Adam, 45, is also an ideal man for his instrument—a calm, stable, reassuring anchorman.

Stubborn Argument. "When we're pressed for time, we let one of us call the shots," says Cohen, "but when we have the time, we each contribute our one-quarter." Argument over interpretation occasionally reaches an impasse, but the quartet solves such problems by playing a piece differently from night to night until all agree on one idea. "It's a knock-down, drag-out battle sometimes," Hillyer says, but they always resolve their differences.

On matters of repertory, the quartet is happily united behind the principle that it adopted at its founding in 1946: that it should serve all music while retaining a special interest in modern works. In its early years, it championed the works of Bartok and Schoenberg particularly, and it has played premieres of some of the best chamber music written in this century—notably the second quartets of Elliott Carter and Alberto Ginastera. Such missionary work has helped to stimulate a widening revival of interest in chamber music, and the Juilliard (which receives at least one new composition a week from hopeful composers) takes paternal delight in the growing number of string quartets around the country. Fear of competition—at their lofty level—never enters their minds.

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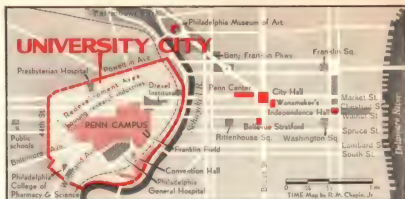
Old Ben's New Penn

Leaf for leaf, the iviest campus in the Ivy League may well be the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. For decades, this ivy masked a nagging inferiority complex. Outsiders mistook Penn for a state university; insiders yearned to rename it Franklin after Ben, its patron. Though blessed with great graduate schools, Penn was cursed with inert trustees, inept presidents and indolent rejects from Yale and Harvard. "The plaything of the Main Line," Penn dreamed of past glory while dying of the slums that choked its campus and strangled its spirit.

All this is changing fast under President Gaylord P. Harnwell, a high-energy physicist of national renown. When he succeeded the feckless Harold Stassen in 1953, Harnwell launched a five-year, \$750,000 self-study, the most exhaustive ever attempted by a U.S. university. As a result of the study—and, as one dean puts it, of the fact that "the right people died"—Penn has been reborn.

The "Harnwell Climate." Long dominated by its graduate schools, the University of Pennsylvania has upgraded its undergraduate liberal arts college, loosed a fresher of liberal learning throughout its technical schools, and started pruning its 2,000 courses, which still include such "guts" as business-letter writing. For the first time, coed Penn's 18,347 (10,354 full-time) students are griping about a "grind school." For the first time, grand old Penn is reaching briskly for clarity and corporate purpose.

In ten years of the "Harnwell climate," Penn has nearly doubled faculty



salaries, tripled scholarship aid, and boosted research contracts to \$26 million. The operating budget has almost tripled, to \$75 million; endowment has more than doubled, to \$86 million. In Harnwell's reign, Penn has completed 45 major construction projects, jumping its plant value from \$56 million to \$111 million. In the next ten years it aims to spend another \$120 million, eventually expanding its 145-acre campus by more than 80%.

Penn remains a city campus with too little housing: one-fourth of its fulltime students are commuters. But it no longer talks of moving to the suburbs; instead, it made the city its new frontier. Aroused by the street-corner murder of a Korean student in 1957, Penn mobilized four other institutions (Drexel Institute of Technology, Presbyterian Hospital, Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science, and Philadelphia College of Osteopathy) in renewing West Philadelphia from a slum to a sprightly University City. By aiding the public schools with advice and scholarships, Penn stemmed a white flight—without driving Negroes away. Some

house prices have doubled, and so has the number of faculty men living in the area.

Philadelphia Lawyers. Penn's new look would surely delight Ben Franklin, who in 1749 led in launching Penn's parent—a pioneering academy that stressed physics and politics rather than classics. By 1765 it was a full college, with the country's first medical school. A year older as a university (1779) than Harvard, Penn practically founded the Republic. The Continental Congress met in its old College Hall in 1778; ten Penn founders signed the Declaration of Independence and seven signed the Constitution. But later, Penn's deliberate religious freedom sent believers to churchy schools such as Presbyterian Princeton, and by 1807 Penn had only 17 students.

It survived in part because it got state aid—as do other private Pennsylvania campuses (last year the state paid about 10% of Penn's budget). Proceeding to turn out good architects, engineers and Philadelphia lawyers, Penn's graduate schools became renowned. Ranking in the nation's top ten, the medical school is part of a vast empire bossed by Surgeon I. S. Ravdin, who operated on President Eisenhower for ileitis. It treats animals (7,000 a year) as well as people, includes university and graduate hospitals with 1,325 beds, and alone accounts for 33% of the university budget. Equally famous is the big (2,165 students) Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, the first university business school in the U.S. (1881). As imperial as it is impeccable, Wharton owns the university's departments of economics, sociology, political science and "regional science" (urbanization). "We'd all like to get out," mutters one imprisoned political scientist. Shrugs a Wharton dean: "I guess it's traditional."

Run, Girls, Run. But in gaining preeminence, the graduate schools overwhelmed the liberal arts college. To balance the university, Harnwell provides a bigger ration of liberal arts for all undergraduates, notably those at Wharton. The liberal arts college has finally acquired an honors program and its



UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA CAMPUS



PRESIDENT HARNWELL

Leadership and will peeking out of the ivy.

Some children learn to crawl— after they learn to walk

It happens every day. The parents can't quite put their finger on it, but plainly there is something wrong with their child. After exhaustive testing by a battery of specialists, the answer comes back: "There's nothing we can do. Let him grow out of it." But all too often the child never *does* grow out of it. He becomes a "retarded child."

This week's LIFE reports on two men in a Philadelphia rehabilitation center who have pioneered a remarkable new theory of helping such children . . . helping them not just to lead useful lives but to attain actual normalcy. Carl Delacato and Glenn Doman, the developers of this new treatment, have achieved remarkable results by taking children who are already in their walking stage *back* into their creeping period and completely retraining them.

What's more, LIFE's report points out that the Doman-Delacato theory can even improve the performance of healthy children. By retracing their development stages, this new system can help these children reach their full potential. "We're not just interested in making sick kids well," says Glenn Doman. "We also want to make normal kids superior."

LIFE

. . . Medical breakthrough; political shake-up; racial flare-up: each week LIFE comes to grips with the forces and ideas that mold the world we live in. This kind of reporting has a magnetic attraction for the people who care. People you like to talk to read LIFE.

own faculty, calling on such top scholars as Anthropologist Loren Eiseley. Also strong: American civilization, Oriental studies, history. By 1970, Penn hopes to start a house plan like those at Yale and Harvard.

Still to be dispensed with are some old customs. One is riots, called "Rowbottoms" after Joseph Rowbottom ('12), whose roommate was allegedly wont to start trouble by bellowing drunkenly from the street, "Rowbottom! Rowbottom!" The student guide still warns girls to "seek immediate shelter" when Rowbottoms strike; they must lock doors, douse lights and hide until the official all clear. Also looking

library for the present President and all the Presidents to come."

Last year the shabby White House library was redone in cozy 19th century style. Last week, after an "agonizing" year of culling, a scholar-studded committee, headed by Yale Librarian James T. Babb, produced an official book list—1,780 titles in 32 categories from art to sports, confined by the definition of the job to American authors.

Actually, the list omits much of what working Presidents really read. Teddy Roosevelt gobbled two books a day on almost anything. F.D.R. doted on detective stories. Ike went for Westerns, and Kennedy has made Ian Fleming

it with *Profiles in Courage* and, granted equal time, so does Richard Nixon with *Six Crises*.

Sports get only eight books, none on touch football. Touch Footballer Bobby Kennedy is otherwise represented by *The Enemy Within*, which was on and off the compilers' list so many times that they lost count, eventually survived scrutiny by librarians and scholars across the country. And the scholars were tough. When the Yale economics department looked over the economics section, says Librarian Babb, "they tore it apart."

Babb seems to be "adamant" about the final list, will now set about acquiring the books. Some 400 volumes are on hand; another 2,200 (some of the titles come in sets) must be donated. Donors will get credit on the bookplate, and need not worry that their gifts will vanish. "This library belongs to the people of the U.S.," says Babb. "These aren't books a President can walk off with when he leaves the White House."



WHITE HOUSE READING ROOM

But where are the books beloved by educated men?

increasingly archaic is the discriminatory system of fraternities, eleven of them Jewish and 25 gentile.

Whatever its final shape, Penn is growing up fast. Once provincial Philadelphians, its students now come from 48 states and 83 foreign countries. Once given to favoring alumni, it now promotes teachers on merit. Penn's faculty is vital, distinguished and outspoken. Academic freedom is real. The once sleepy school beside the Schuylkill River still lacks a crackling intellectual air. But it has the will, the leadership, and—as ever—the ivy.

LIBRARIES

For Well-Read Presidents

When she got to the White House in 1850, ex-Schoolmarm Abigail Fillmore was shocked to find not even a Bible in the place. Pausing only to put in the mansion's first bathtub, the new First Lady installed its first library. But in succeeding years, people kept pinching White House books. Herbert Hoover found the shelves bare. Booksellers chipped in to make up the loss, but Harry Truman scoffed that his own collection upstairs outnumbered the official one downstairs. The Kennedys, soon after arrival, resolved to put in "a working

famous. The new library offers no such surcease. It is sober, scholarly, and just a bit grey.

Absent are Sophocles, Cervantes, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Stendhal—all of them beloved by educated men. The few foreign works include De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* and Bryce's *American Commonwealth*. The committee tried to "avoid inflaming rivalry" by omitting all fiction by living American authors; had they not died recently, the library would not have Robert Frost, William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway. But the American classics, old and new, are there: Emerson, Cooper, Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, Whitman, Melville, Henry Adams, Henry James, Mark Twain, O. Henry, Sinclair Lewis, Howells, Fitzgerald—and, should presidential browsers care, Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women*.

The biggest single category is history—a first-rate collection, from George Washington's diaries to Theodore White's *The Making of the President*. The stress is on Big Think: John K. Galbraith, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., Walter Lippmann, Reinhold Niebuhr, Henry De Wolf Smyth, David Riesman. Also big are presidential memoirs, including those of Truman, Hoover and Eisenhower. President Kennedy makes

SCHOOLS

Opening Up Prince Edward

The 1,700 Negro children of Virginia's Prince Edward County, mostly unschooled for four years because bitter-end segregationists closed down the public education system, can go back to class Sept. 16. A new, privately organized Prince Edward Free School Association will lease three of the closed schoolhouses and open them, for up to a year, to all comers.

In effect, this probably means that most of the 1,300 white children will continue to go, as they have since 1959, to the white-only private system (tuition: about \$250 a year) that operates in churches, public halls and one newly built private high school. But Negroes and any whites who want to join them for reasons of economy or principle will go to association schools. Teachers, Negro and white, are being recruited from all over the U.S.

The new system is not intended as a permanent answer to Prince Edward's refusal to integrate its schools; that question is tied up in state and federal courts and may take another year to settle. The Free School Association is basically the product of President Kennedy's decision last February that some means had to be devised to let Prince Edward's illiterate young Negroes start catching up on lost schooling. The Justice Department, seeking a method that would not prejudice the legal issue (that is, whether Virginia law requires the county to provide public education), picked the private school idea. A young department lawyer, William J. vanden Heuvel, worked two months negotiating details. In the end he won the assent of Prince Edward's leading whites and Negroes, the Virginia N.A.A.C.P. and Virginia's Governor Albertis S. Harrison Jr. This week big foundations are being asked for money to run the new schools. Estimated cost: \$1,000,000.

GROUP W MEANS HISTORIC PRECEDENT

A BROADWAY OPENING ON TELEVISION

This fall television audiences in Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and San Francisco will share with the opening night theatre audience in New York an unprecedented excitement. On opening night, all five stations of Group W—Westinghouse Broadcasting Company—will present a telecast of the William Hammerstein-Michael Ellis production of "The Advocate," a new play by Robert Noah, starring James Daly. "The Advocate" has been selected by the American National Theatre & Academy for presentation this October at the ANTA Playhouse. ■ For the first time a telecast will coincide with the actual opening of a play on Broadway.

■ Here is an event of major significance to the theatre and to television. It is the result of a joint venture without precedent in broadcast and theatrical history. For Group W particularly, it is a journey into an exciting area... one that represents a new source of programming for television.



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U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Free-Spending Consumer

As an economist once put it, a citizen casts a vote every time he makes a purchase. By that standard, the American consumer is trooping to the polls in record numbers—and voting his confidence in the U.S. economy. The Commerce Department reported last week that retail sales in July rose 1% over June's alltime high to set a new record of \$20.7 billion.

The rise was not spectacular, but economists took pleasure in it nonetheless. During the year's first five months retail sales had hovered around the \$20.3 billion-a-month mark, a remarkably steady performance but still not good enough for the chart watchers, who have come to depend so much on the consumer's performance. "They expect each week to be a new world," says the chief economist of a nationwide chain.

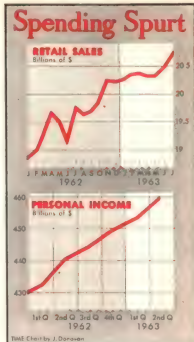
"Most Heartening." The consumer is spending once more as the economists think he should. The last reported week shows department-store sales gains for every federal reserve district in the U.S. Opening a new budget-store branch, Detroit's J. L. Hudson rang up \$40,000 in the first three hours. Sales at Rich's in Atlanta, the South's biggest store, are running 8% ahead of last year's. Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward, the two biggest mail-order houses (Sears is also the world's biggest retailer), both set sales records in July. "All this is most heartening," beams an executive of one of Boston's largest department stores. "Usually we hope to just remain constant through the first part of the year

until fall, which is our season for making money."

The consumer's spending spree encompasses appliances, food, apparel and general merchandise, but shows up most dramatically in auto sales. Though sales sagged slightly from a year ago during the first ten days of this month, Detroit is headed for a 7,500,000-car year that will break 1955's alltime record. The automakers' main worry, in fact, is that dealers will run out of stock before the 1964 models appear. Production of all 1963 models has just about stopped, and the inventory on hand at the beginning of the month was enough for only 44 more days of selling. Chrysler was sufficiently concerned by this fact to move the showroom introduction of its new 1964 models ahead one week, to Sept. 20.

Salting Away. Personal income is rising even faster than consumer purchases. The consumer continues to salt the difference away; personal savings rose by nearly \$3 billion in the year's first half. Since many items are routinely bought on credit even by those who can pay cash, consumer installment debt is also rising, reached a record \$50.2 billion in June. Though there is some talk of too much credit, the Federal Reserve's economists feel that the limit of installment credit has not yet been reached.

How the consumer behaves in the fall may well set the tone of the entire economy. Presumably he will keep on spending. Fall is traditionally the time of back-to-school sales and of buying that has been put off in the summer months. Next month, when the new \$1.25 federal minimum-wage law goes



into effect, 2,600,000 workers will get a 10¢-an-hour wage hike. Should there also be a tax cut passed by Congress (see THE NATION), the consumer's dollar votes may give the U.S. economy the push that it needs to send it whirling into 1964.

AUTOS

The Tried & True

Chrysler last week became the first automaker to show off its 1964 models, and President Lynn A. Townsend described them as "the tried and true." That was a good description of what Detroit will offer the public this fall. Riding the crest of what seems likely to be the best auto year in history, the automakers have prudently left their successful 1963 models largely unchanged, relying on styling and mechanical refinements to provide a difference to sell. Even refinements can be expensive; Chrysler's changes will cost the company about \$125 million.

The few visible changes in the company's "bread and butter" models aim for a sleeker appearance and simpler ornamentation. Fins on the Chrysler's rear fenders give the car a longer, more sculptured silhouette. Chrysler stylists eliminated the huge and unsightly vertical parking lights of the 1963 Plymouth, and gave the car a new front bumper and a lower, wider look. The new Dodge has slablike front fenders à la the current Oldsmobile, along with new horizontally placed dual headlights. The compact Valiant has a more massive horizontal front grille and vertical rear lights.

Chrysler's one completely restyled



HUDSON'S NEW BUDGET STORE IN DEARBORN
Voting their confidence in the U.S. economy.

car is the high-priced Imperial, which now resembles the clean-limbed, handsome Lincoln Continental and was, in fact, designed by the same man: Elwood Engel, 46, who was lured away from Ford in October 1961 to become vice president for styling at Chrysler. Because of the huge outlays and years of lead time required to produce a completely new car, the Imperial is the first Chrysler car that Engel has thoroughly redesigned.

Styling has in recent years helped to change Chrysler from a floundering company into a highly profitable one—and the company's styling is still in transition. Both Ford and General Motors, which will show off their new and basically unchanged models in the coming weeks, are planning major styling changes for their 1965 models. Chrysler, too, though it likes to talk of evolutionary design changes, will probably do the same with the '65s. Designer Engel's new Imperial is thus more than just a new car; it is a good clue to how the Chrysler autos of the future are likely to look.

PROFITS

Sharpening Up

Nothing makes happier reading for businessmen than profit figures, and the reading has been very good of late. Last week U.S. corporations continued to report new profit highs. Among them: Litton Industries (up 43% for the fiscal year), Procter & Gamble (up 6% for the year), CBS (up 33% for the first half), I.T. & T. (up 13% for the half) and Ampex (up 6% for the quarter).

So far, 37 industrial firms with annual sales of more than \$100 million have set new earnings records for the first half. The 713 manufacturing concerns that New York's First National City Bank keeps tabs on showed a fat first-half profit gain of 11% over last year. With such reports still coming in, little doubt remained that the total earnings of U.S. industry at midyear were running well over the record annual rate of \$25.5 billion set in the last three months of 1962.

When economists parcel out credit for the vigorous profit showing, they give generous shares to the high rate of production (industrial production hit a new high in July), the steady buying of consumers and the relatively stable wage rates that have accompanied a period of comparatively peaceful labor relations. But businessmen feel that they themselves deserve more of a pat on the back. RCA President Elmer V. Engstrom, whose company's profits rose 23% in the first half to a record \$29.4 million, puts the profit rise down to management's increasing skill at cost control. After years of operating in a profit squeeze, he says, "industry has learned how to conduct itself under these conditions. It has sharpened its operations, and therefore improved its margins."

AVIATION

Decision Against Northeast

As President Kennedy sunned on board the *Honey Fitz* off Hyannis Port on a recent Sunday, a Piper Cub droned back and forth overhead, towing a banner with a pointed message: JFK PLEASE HELP NORTHEAST AIRLINES. A few days later, Teddy Kennedy made his maiden speech in the Senate—and demanded that the Civil Aeronautics Board reverse its "tentative" decision against renewal of Boston-based Northeast's certificate to fly the New York-Miami route. Fearful of losing their jobs, Northeast's 2,200 employees organized a lobby, and some Northeast pilots even implored airborne passengers to wire Washington in protest.

Too Great a Strain. Rarely has the CAB been subjected to such intense pressure. But last week, on the very day

transfusions from Industrialist Howard Hughes, whose Hughes Tool Co. owns 80% of Northeast's stock. To soften the effects of its decision, the CAB offered to grant Northeast a subsidy; by coincidence, the offer came on the same day that the White House released a special CAB proposal to reduce drastically all regional airline subsidies.

Back & Forth. Among federal regulatory agencies, the CAB seems to have a special aptitude for trouble. In recent months, it created an international furor by its attempt to block scheduled transatlantic fare increases (only to compromise later), enraged both U.S. regional carriers and the British by refusing to let the U.S. carriers buy British short-range jets, and kicked up a ruckus in the airline industry with its high-handed advice to Pan American and W. R. Grace to sell Panagra to Braniff. "I'm doing the job the best way I know how," says Chairman Boyd, "and I expect the staff and members to perform in the same way. I don't give a damn whose toes get stepped on."

As the supreme economic court for the nation's 68 trunk, regional and non-scheduled airlines since its founding by Congress in 1938, the CAB grants routes, sets domestic fares, investigates accidents and pays out subsidies. The board is composed of five members who are appointed by the President for six-year terms at \$20,000 a year. U.S. airlines complain that the board members, all without much experience in aviation, rely too much on the advice of the agency's 800-man staff, have no consistent overall policy of their own.

Democrat Boyd, who joined the board under Eisenhower and was named chairman by Kennedy, privately concedes that the board is slow and unwieldy. The board regularly divides between its two Republicans and two Democrats, with Boyd the decisive vote. By siding with the Republican members to cut back Northeast, Boyd faced the economic reality that Northeast should never have given the Florida route extension in the first place.



CAB'S BOYD

With an aptitude for trouble.

that a Senate hearing convened to hear Freshman Senator Kennedy's complaints, the CAB formally took the Florida run away from Northeast. It ordered the financially ailing airline to stop all operations south of New York by Oct. 14, concentrate on its lagging service in New England. "It became apparent," CAB Chairman Alan S. Boyd told Senators, "that New England was the tail and Florida was the dog—and Northeast was interested in the dog."

Northeast has never been in robust financial shape, but it was not helped by the CAB's well-intentioned 1956 decision to try to strengthen the line by allowing it to fly the lucrative New York-Miami route in competition with National and Eastern. The strain of financing long-range equipment, plus the difficulty of battling the established carriers, proved too much for Northeast; the line went more than \$44 million into the hole during its seven years on the run. For the past 2½ years, it has been kept aloft only by financial

MANAGEMENT

The Tomato Philosopher

Hundreds of huge, two-trailer trucks chugged last week along the roads of Southern California, where from now until November they will shuttle constantly between ripened fields of tomatoes and bustling canneries. By season's peak, an awesome Niagara of tomatoes amounting to about 80 million lbs. weekly will be picked, stemmed, stewed and squashed, processed into juice, sauces, catsup and paste. Whatever the style, most of them will bear the bright red label of Hunt Foods & Industries, Inc., the world's largest packer and distributor of tomato products and the corporate creation of a remarkable and enigmatic businessman.

Writing the Book. Running a tomato empire may seem a somewhat unusual occupation for a man who prides him-

self on being an intellectual, a patron of the arts and an enemy of orthodoxy in business. But Norton Simon, 56, the boss of Hunt Foods, is all of these. A well-groomed, soft-spoken man who is impatient with chitchat, Simon makes friends more quickly with ideas than with fellow businessmen, relentlessly questions the obvious, and declines to go by the book—he likes to write it himself. With a sort of business existentialism, he lives by what he calls the “philosophy of change”—a constant search for new situations that challenge him. “It’s simply,” says Simon not so simply, “a commitment to being.” Sometimes the language gets a little difficult to follow, but Simon’s fellow businessmen have no trouble understanding the results.

By whatever name it is called, Norton Simon’s drive is impressive. Though tomatoes still account for nearly 25% of Hunt’s sales, Simon has relentlessly expanded the company’s horizons over the past decade, raised its sales from \$82 million to \$400 million. Hunt is now the largest refiner of cottonseed oil in the U.S. (Wesson Oil), the nation’s second-biggest matchmaker (Ohio Match), the largest paint manufacturer and distributor in the West (W. P. Fuller), and the West’s second-largest maker of glass containers. It also owns important interests in areas as remote from the tomato as magazine publishing (McCall’s) and steel (Wheeling).

Yale Seminar. Simon has often mystified the business community—and sometimes angered it—but his career has its own internal logic. He left the University of California before graduating to set up his own sheet metal business, used its profits to buy a bankrupt orange juice company in Fullerton, Calif. He sold it to an old-line private-label packer called Hunt Brothers, then quickly moved in on Hunt and took over. During the World War II food shortage, he made lasting enemies of many wholesalers and grocery chains by stopping Hunt’s longtime private-label canning for them to push products under Hunt’s own name. After the war, he decided that the best way to make Hunt known nationally was to concentrate his advertising and promotion on a single item. He chose tomato sauce, and launched a major campaign that eventually captured half of the U.S. market for Hunt.

Since Hunt had distributed millions of tomato-sauce recipes printed on paper matchbooks, it seemed only natural to Simon to buy up the company that made the matches: Ohio Match. That led him into lumber investments, and at roughly the same time he logically acquired companies that could make his cans and bottles, lithograph his labels and use his tomatoes for catsup. His biggest merger came in 1960 with Wesson Oil & Snowdrift Co., and last year Simon took over W. P. Fuller. While studying rotogravure printing for Ohio Match, Simon got interested in McCall Corp., bought a 36% interest in the



PEREIRA-DESIGNED HEADQUARTERS



SIMON & PICASSO
From an *apéritif* of sauce.

company. He has tripled McCall’s profits largely by reorganizing its printing operations, and has helped make McCall’s magazine a big-circulation success—though the magazine itself has yet to do as well financially as it does on the newsstands. Simon’s latest move was to acquire a 7% interest in Wheeling Steel, where he now sits on the board.

Along the way, Simon picked up—and sometimes discarded—dozens of other companies, concentrating on those that had good book values but needed more aggressive management. By familiarizing himself carefully with each company before he moves in, Simon usually impresses new associates with his knowledge and suggestions. He is still feared as a tough and relentless fighter by many who remember his earlier dealings, but those who deal with him nowadays often find the reputation larger than the reality. Simon likes to have his own way, but he also likes his associates to challenge him. His staff meetings often sound like a seminar of graduate students at Yale, though presumably—to judge by the company’s success—practical business also gets done.

Process of Becoming. Simon operates from offices in Los Angeles and a William Pereira-designed administration building in Fullerton. He works seven days a week, surrounded both at home and in his office by perhaps the best private art collection in California—from Rubens and Rembrandt to Picasso and Hans Hofmann. He serves on the University of California board of regents, and takes his intellectuality seriously, avoiding such normal business fare as cocktail parties and public func-



RAW MATERIAL FOR CATSUP

tions. He and his wife like to give small dinners, at which the conversation is never as lowly as a tomato and the latest trends of philosophy provide the sauce. At home or at work, Norton Simon keeps busy at what he likes to call “the process of becoming.”

RAILROADS

A Hotbox for Pat

Patrick B. McGinnis made a million as a Wall Street railroad securities specialist, but his life became a hotbox when he switched to running rails instead of rating them. McGinnis was tossed out as Norfolk Southern chairman after a federal judge fined the line for selling securities without competitive bidding. He next was eased out of the Central of Georgia for highbidding its directors. Then McGinnis got control of the New Haven Railroad and, in an experience that still haunts its 26,000 daily commuters, brought on frequent delays and breakdowns by cutting maintenance. After leaving the New Haven, McGinnis went on to the Boston & Maine, where he resigned as chairman last year, giving health as his reason.

Last week Pat McGinnis’ railroading career came in for more criticism—this time from the law. A Boston federal grand jury indicted McGinnis, B. & M. President Daniel A. Benson, Vice President George F. Glacy and a railroad equipment broker named Henry Mersey, charging that they had engineered kickbacks in the sale of B. & M. surplus cars. In 1958, the indictment charged, another railroad broker offered \$500,000 for ten passenger and baggage cars that B. & M. wanted to sell. Pat McGinnis blocked the sale. Instead, the B. & M. sold its cars to Mersey, whose office is in the same building as the B. & M.’s, for \$250,000. Mersey then resold them for \$425,000 and, says the jury indictment, gave McGinnis \$35,000, Benson \$11,500, and Glacy \$25,000. Pat McGinnis denied the charges from the Manhattan office where he now works as vice president of Highway Trailer Industries Inc., a firm that makes trucks.



OPEN TAPPING AT MILL IN SWEDEN
A saturation of progress.

WORLD TRADE

The War over Steel

Steel, the world's basic industry, is locked in a bitter international price war. With steel profits sliding in almost every industrialized nation—the auto boom and buying as a strike hedge made the U.S. an exception in the year's first half—catalysts and complaints of dumping and cheating are flying back and forth across national borders.

U.S. steelmakers complain of inroads by the Western Europeans: the French snap crossly at the Belgians; the Germans lash out at the British; the French, the Belgians and the Swedes; and no one, of course, has a kind word for Japan's low-cost producers. Last week, alarmed that undercutting foreigners have grabbed more than 21% of the German steel market, German steelmen vowed to risk a loss to meet the price of any cut-rate competitor.

Need to Keep Up. Saturation is the word the world's steelmen use to describe the situation. "As civilization advances in any nation," says President Shigeo Nagano of Japan's Fugui Iron & Steel, "consumption of steel rises, but at a certain point it reaches the saturation point and levels off. Advanced industrialized nations currently have reached or are fast reaching that saturation point." International steelmakers figure the saturation point at about 1,100 lbs. a year per person,* when a nation reaches that level of steel consumption, such substi-

tutes as plastic and aluminum begin to cut severely into steel sales. By this yardstick, the U.S., West Germany and Sweden are already near saturation—and several other countries are on their way.

Last year's world steel production of 370 million tons represented only an estimated 75% of total capacity. Yet capacity often rises much faster than demand, driven upward by the new nations' longing for steel mills of their own and the competitive need of industrialized nations to keep up to date. Japan's steel industry has grown at the remarkable rate of 18% a year for six years; Germany's has risen at a 7.2% rate, France's at 5.2%, Italy's at 6%.

Secret Rebates. With too much steel to sell at home, the world's steelmen have turned to pushing steel exports, often at slashed prices. The Swedes have undercut the Germans by \$9 a ton in Germany; the Japanese have moved heavily into the U.S. West Coast market with cheaper prices than U.S. firms in almost all steel products. At one ridiculous point, the British undersold the Belgians in Belgium—while the Belgians were underselling the British in Britain. Within the gentlemanly European Coal and Steel Community, where competition is supposedly regulated, secret rebates are given, and many steel firms keep two sets of books to hide the fact that they deliver 11,000 tons of steel for the price of 10,000.

As a result of the worldwide steel situation, the French have already chopped back their long-range expansion goals for steel, and Belgium's giant new Sidmar mill will open in 1965 with one-third less capacity than originally planned. A tenuous "gentleman's agreement" was reached recently between Common Market, British and Japanese steelmen to stop undercutting, but the agreement does not seem to have made much difference. Most steelmakers see little easing of the competition until steel consumption begins to rise among the 80% of the world's population living in the developing nations, who now use only 20% of the world's steel output.

Unilever's Levers

Whenever an American housewife uses a detergent, an African woman buys a mammy cloth, or an Englishman pops into a fish-and-chips shop for a snack, the chances are good that the company that will profit is a corporate colossus called Unilever.

Unilever is the second-largest business firm outside the U.S. (after Royal Dutch/Shell) and the world's sixth largest company. Composed of two holding companies—a British half, Unilever Ltd., and a Dutch half, Unilever N. V.—Unilever controls 104 major companies, has 448 direct or indirect subsidiaries in 53 countries, and sells 1,200 different products. Some of its holdings:

United Africa Group, Africa's largest trading company; Britain's 400 Mac Fisheries stores; and the U.S.'s Lever Bros., makers of Vim, Lux, and All. Unilever also owns Lipton Tea, which in turn owns Good Humor, steel purveyors of ice cream in the U.S.

Last week giant Unilever showed that not only U.S. companies are pulling the levers of progress. In quick succession, it announced that its earnings climbed 15% to \$76 million and sales rose to \$2,098,000,000 for 1963's first half, proposed a 4-for-3 split of both the British and Dutch shares. As an added fillip, the Unilever directors promised to pay a 30¢ interim dividend on British shares and a 50¢ dividend on Dutch shares as soon as the shareholders approve the split. On the New York, London and Amsterdam stock exchanges, Unilever stocks soared.

ITALY

Politics Is His Business

The Milanese are the go-getters of Italy. From the lowliest shopkeeper to the wealthiest industrialist, they are so proud of the industrial glories of their fast-growing city that some of them talk facetiously of a "republic of Milan." An Italian magazine recently suggested that the republic already had its first ambassador to the U.S. He is wiry, sharp-faced Piero Bassetti, who, at 34, not only runs his family's sizable, 140-year-old textile business, but also is one of Italy's most active and controversial politicians. As a member of Milan's city council and the city assessor, Bassetti is a chief mover behind a massive redevelopment project that will reshape and expand Milan at a cost of \$650 mil-



BASSETTI & 18TH CENTURY SCULPTURE
A shocking success.

* A family with a medium-sized car, a refrigerator, a stove and a washing machine is apt to own about 2,500 lbs. of steel. But the 1,100-lb. saturation figure (which also includes the steel in the building a man works in, the bridge he crosses, the commuter train he rides in) is reached by dividing all the steel purchased in a nation each year by the entire population.

lion over the next four years and an eventual cost of \$1.5 billion.

Standing in Line. As the front runner in Italy's economic boom, Milan has swelled in population by 24% in ten years. It boasts 37% of all Italian businesses, pays 24% of the nation's taxes, accounts for one-fifth of all its wages and salaries. To relieve its inevitable growing pains, Milan hopes to annex 94 surrounding communities, redevelop its crowded city center, build a complex of subways and expressways and expand housing, health services, schools and sanitation facilities. Once Milan decided on this ambitious course, the problem was where to borrow the money—and how to convince the rest of the world that Milan was all its citizens said it was.

Piero Bassetti approached the Manhattan investment firm of Dillon, Read for a \$20 million loan to start off the project, aware that a commitment won from it would impress financiers around the world. After two months of investigating the Milanese economy, Dillon, Read approved the loan at a 1% lower interest rate than Milan could have got in Italy. "They'll soon be standing in line to lend us money," crowed the triumphant Bassetti—and he was right. Last week the line was growing, with British and Swiss bankers at its head.

Something New. A onetime Fulbright scholar (at Cornell) and Olympic track star, Bassetti studied at the London School of Economics and taught economics at Milan's Bocconi University before entering the family business when he was 26. He shocked his conservative relatives by setting up workers' councils to share in management decisions, took over the textile operation when his father retired in 1954. Since then he has shocked almost everybody. After winning a seat on the city council, he pushed tax reform, tried to have Milan's trolley fares doubled to cover deficits. A Christian Democrat who says, "I am a leftist because I am modern," he spurred Milan's own *apertura a sinistra* by persuading the party to form a coalition with the socialists.

Many Italian businessmen consider Bassetti a Red, sneer at his plans for Milanese redevelopment as too elaborate and socialistic. Bassetti works a 16-hour day seven days a week at his textile business and council duties, and disregards his critics. "I believe I represent something new in Italy," he says. "A businessman with a social conscience who's willing to work in public life to solve the problems of our time."

BRAZIL

A Wind Without Pity

Up from the Antarctic last week blew a chill and unexpected wind, clutching with its frosty fingers the hillsides and greening fields of coffee-rich Brazil. Brazil's coffeegrowers have learned to live with the danger of frost in June or July—it is now winter in the Southern Hem-

isphere—but the cold August wind caught them by surprise. Striking in the predawn light across the entire state of Paraná (where most Brazilian coffee grows) and as far north as São Paulo, it wilted leaves and left September blossoms stillborn on the branch. Within hours, a lifeless swath of brown marked its path. Before retreating, the wind devastated about 60% of Brazil's coffee trees in the nation's worst freeze in a decade.

"My world turned brown," cried Coffee Farmer Soguro Saito, who lost 5,000 of his 9,000 trees to the wind. Worried Coffeegrower Raimundo Pereira complained bitterly: "The cold wind that ruined my trees has no pity." Thousands of ruined farmers will have to wait two years to harvest another coffee crop, but, in Brazil's one-crop economy, the wind also meant hardship for countless others. Dozens of coffee-roasting plants

and wholesale buyers will have nothing to work with; truckers will have nothing to haul; laborers on the large plantations will be laid off.

Nonetheless, there is still an awful lot of coffee in Brazil. Though many people will be hurt by the wind, in the topsy-turvy economic world of production glut nature has done what man has trouble doing. In the past few years, 200 million trees have been deliberately rooted up in Brazil and their beans burned, but 50 million surplus sacks of coffee still overflow the country's bulging warehouses. In the normal supply-and-demand world, a bad crop should make prices go up. But under the new quotas drawn up by the 48-nation International Coffee Council, Brazil can export no more than 18 million sacks a year, and has so much coffee in its big backlog that there is no reason why a cup of coffee should cost more.

PERSONAL FILE

- After five years of glaring at their old colonial masters, the hard-pressed Indonesians are showing some willingness to do business with the Dutch. Philips Lamp President **Frits Philips**, 58, whose giant corporation wrote off Indonesian factories worth \$5,300,000 after President Sukarno kicked the Dutch out, is just back from a trip to Indonesia with a new agreement. Philips agreed to train Indonesian technicians in The Netherlands, send experts to study Indonesian production problems. Also in the works for Indonesia: \$28 million in Dutch trade credits.



PHILIPS

- A nation that took its silkworms seriously, Japan was shocked when aggressive **Shigeki Tashiro**, head of Toyo Rayon Co., stepped up synthetic rayon production and started a Japanese "wash-and-wear" boom. Tashiro now believes that rayon is a has-been, is turning Asia's largest producer of synthetics into newer fibers. Toyo, which has already built several plants abroad, last week was surveying the site for a new Malaysian nylon textile plant at Kuala Lumpur. "If you don't always strive toward new goals," Tashiro says at 73, "you lose vitality. That is disastrous."



TASHIRO

- "We have to democratize business," said Harvard-educated **Gaston Azcarraga**, 35, as he announced a \$1,600,000 sale of stock in **Fabricas Auto-Mex**, which is 55% owned by his wealthy family and 33% by Chrysler, whose cars and trucks it assembles in Mexico. The sale fulfills government directives to spread ownership and to increase the "local content" of autos assembled in Mexico. Auto-Mex (15,308 vehicles a year) will use the money it takes in to build a \$15 million engine plant at Toluca, 40 miles from Mexico City, from which Chryslers 60% made in Mexico will eventually emerge.



AZCARRAGA

- Already awarded the Order of the British Empire for his sheep-shearing skill (he set a world record of 456 sheep in nine hours), burly **Godfrey Bowen**, 41, chief instructor of New Zealand's Wool Board, returned home with a Soviet labor medal after a 10,000-mile shearing trip through Russia. His report made uneasy listening for wool-centered New Zealand. Bowen was impressed by Russian sheep "as big as donkeys," predicted that the Soviet Union—whose flock of 150 million sheep is increasing 8% a year—in five years will no longer need to import wool, may begin exporting it.



BOWEN

CINEMA

A Prince Among Men

The *Leopard*. "If we want things to stay as they are, things have to change." The Prince of Salina (Burt Lancaster) abruptly stops shaving and turns to stare in irritation at his favorite nephew (Alain Delon). Can Tancredi seriously mean to suggest that he, Salina of Sicily, should lick the boots of the new bourgeoisie? The prince is a proud man, as proud as the Leopard ramping on his princely scutcheon. But he is not a fool; he knows as well as Tancredi that in the spring of 1860 bourgeois boots are on the march from the Alps to Africa.

as a splendid set piece of cinema.

"We live in a changing reality," the Prince muses as Tancredi runs gallantly off to join the rebels, "to which we adapt like seaweed bending under the pressure of water." As gracefully as he can, the Prince bends with the tide of the times. When the rebels win and Tancredi comes home a hero, the Prince does not refuse a ray or two of reflected glory. Indeed, when Tancredi falls in love with the daughter (Claudia Cardinale) of a rich upstart, the Prince actively supports his suit—even though he knows his own daughter is in love with the boy. "Tancredi will have a brilliant career," he reasons, "and my daughter is too shy for public life. Besides, the boy needs money."

At a grand ball in Palermo, Tancredi's fiancée is introduced to Sicilian society. As the Prince waltzes with her,

rooms drown the mind in a delirium of pink cherubs and gilt-plaster scrolls; and out of the dark-blue sea the big Sicilian mountains leap like orange flames.

At the histrionic level, *The Leopard* presents two performances sensitively supervised by Visconti. Cardinale, who in the past has tended less to play than to display, is delectably vulgar and amusingly shrewd as the *ragazza* whose ways are almost as captivating as her means. And Lancaster, within definite limits, is superb. True, his Salina never quite becomes the figure of "leonine aspect, whose fingers could twist a ducat coin as if it were mere paper." But as the scenes accumulate, the character compiles impressive volume and solidity, and by film's end the grand Sicilian stands in the mind as a man whose like men shall not look upon again: one of culture's noblemen, a very imperfect gentle knight.

At the literary level, *The Leopard* offers a magnificent interplay of ironies. Sometimes the satire strikes at the right: in one stunning vignette, Director Visconti (who in private life is the Count of Modrone) executes a mortal lampoon of the old nobility. The Prince and his family, after a long and dusty journey, go straight to church, and there the camera finds them grey with dust and incense and fatigue, propped in their gloomy niches like medieval effigies, like spirits of the dead come back to haunt the living. Sometimes the laugh is on the left: at the Ponteleone Ball, which fills the final hour of the film with one of the most brilliant episodes of sustained social exposition ever seen on a screen, Visconti (who in private life is a leftist) displays the leaders of the Risorgimento as a coterie of cynical opportunists climbing merrily to eminence on the corpses of their comrades. After dancing all night, they swagger off to execute a handful of honest and idealistic men: the last of the Garibaldini.

At the philosophic level, *The Leopard* speaks with wonderful depth and sweetness and humanity about life and death, about the ultimate mysterious sympathy of all existences. At the musical level, it moves every moment in a noble and profound andante. But at the deepest level, the picture is a poem, a mood embodied. The mood is the mood of creature sadness, the poem is a love song to all things that live, a swan song for all things that die. In an old man's elegy resounds the angelus of an age, a passing bell for all mortality.

Lost Allegory

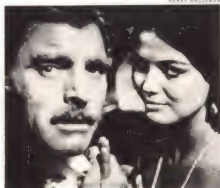
Lord of the Flies, in book form, was the eerie little novel by William Golding that replaced Salinger's long-loved *Catcher in the Rye* in undergraduate affections and book bags. It was an ominous replacement. On the surface, the story tells of a band of English schoolboys who are plane-wrecked on a desert island during a nuclear war, and describes how they regress from



THE SALINAS AT CHURCH

Garibaldi is at the gates of Palermo, the Bourbons will soon abandon Naples, most of Italy within a year will be unified under the House of Savoy. He knows that boots must be licked, or boots will trample his beloved roses and his noble name into the burning yellow dust of Sicily. He knows—but can a Prince of Salina swallow his pride to save his estates? Can a Leopard change his spots to save his skin?

In his posthumous masterpiece, which is arguably the finest Italian novel of the century, Giuseppe Tomasi, Prince of Lampedusa, treats of these matters with an irony that seems half wisdom and half love, and in a style as rich and dark and subtle as old Marsala. In this film, Director Luchino Visconti (*Rocco and His Brothers*) preserves the author's tone as well as his tale, and in the course of three occasionally tedious hours develops a composite portrait of a time, a place and a man that finally emerges



LANCASTER & CARDINALE
In a mood of creative sadness.

he smiles wistfully. He has done his duty, he has built a bridge to the future. His children will cross it, he will not. He will stay in the past, bound there by affection, by habit, by sloth, by congenital dislike of tomorrow, by the siren lure of a torrid, torpid land that makes its children long "voluptuously for death." As the film ends he kneels and, yearning upward to the morning star, prays passionately for death: "O faithful star! When will you give me an appointment less ephemeral than this!"

The Leopard is remarkable at many levels. At the technical level, it is alternately gorgeous and goshawful. Some of the scenes are woolly and want shearing; viewers not recently briefed on Garibaldi may long for time and place clues. Some of the actors, their lips shaping large Italian vowels while the sound track spatters round little English sounds, look a bit like hippos catching peanuts. But the DeLuxe Color is tastefully mixed, and the camera is held by a master (Giuseppe Rotunno). What's more, the camera is pointed at something fiercely beautiful: Sicily. Yellow *palazzi* peep through dark-green foliage like colossal lemons; vast rococo ball-

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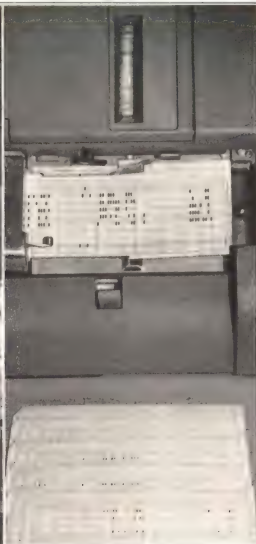
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KID SAVAGES IN "LORD OF THE FLIES"
But Beelzebub is missing.

summer-camp camaraderie into savagery, sadism and murder. Between Golding's lines lies a frightening parable of evil, a strong case for the revival of the unfashionable concept of original sin, and an attempt, as he says, to "trace the defects of human society back to the defects of human nature." Students like it, Golding believed, because "here was someone who was not making excuses for society."

Much of Golding's novel is intact in the film version by Director-Adapter Peter Brook. The sight of black-robed choirboys marching up a tropical beach chanting "Kyrie eleison" in four-four time is properly bizarre; the initial attempts of the castaways to preserve decency and order ("After all, we're English, and the English are not savages") are ironic and touching. A leader, Ralph, is elected, his symbol of authority a white conch shell; Jack, the head boy of the choir, reorganizes his singers as a pack of hunters. With the sun and eyeglasses belonging to the fat and asthmatic Piggy, a signal fire is lit, in the hope of attracting rescue. Then the idyl—and the movie itself—begins to fall apart.

Jack, a crafty bully, stalks away in a sulk one afternoon, and most of the boys desert Ralph and Piggy to follow him and put on face paint, dance around fires and feast on roast pig. The new savages deify the beast that is supposed to haunt the mountaintop; as an offering to the terrible thing, a pig's head is struck on a sharpened stick and left in the woods. Readers of Golding's novel know the nature of the beast before the boys do; the movie audience is kept in witless suspense until it is revealed to be the body of a parachutist, shot down in an air battle high in the silent skies over the island. Golding gave a deeper meaning to this sky-fallen figure, for the boys' cowardice in not investigating may have cost the parachutist his life as he lay dying atop the tropical golgotha.

Little Simon, creeping away from the others, discovers the corpse and in the book's most terrifying and significant passage he encounters the pig's fly-infested head on the stick. In a delirium he hears it speak. "Fancy thinking the Beast was something you could hunt and kill. I'm the Beast. You knew, didn't you? I'm part of you? Close, close, close! I'm the reason why it's no go? Why things are what they are? Come now," said the Lord of the Flies. "Get back to the others and we'll forget the whole thing."

But in the film he hears no voice, there is no revelation of Beelzebub; indeed, the title is left unexplained. Simon simply sees a pig's head on a stick. The orgy at the fireside ("Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!") has swept the boys into frenzy. As Simon scrambles out of the woods, they fall upon him and, making him surrogate for the beast, kill him. A brief and poignant scene follows: in the warm cradle of the surf Simon's small body is rocked to and fro, swaddled in a glimmer of phosphorus until it is carried out to sea.

Flies is flawed in many ways. The 34 amateur actors with British accents rounded up for the filming in Puerto Rico are perfectly type-cast as English schoolboys, and when they open their mouths they sound suitably English—but like schoolboys putting on a play for old boys' day. Their acting, for the most part, seems to be of the old Robert Flaherty documentary school—partly improvised, partly directed through a megaphone—and the read-along quality of the dialogue suggests that part of the picture was shot silent, dubbed later.

Perhaps it was impossible to film *Lord of the Flies* and keep Golding's harrowing allegory intact. In reducing the novel to a grisly, occasionally shocking adventure story, the producers have chosen not to risk failure. And so they have failed.

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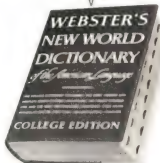
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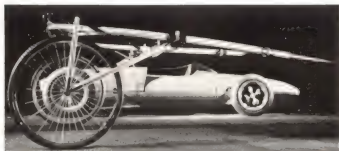


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BOOKS



MAZZUCHELLI & ITALIAN VERSION OF HIS BOOK
With the Devil at the window.

Passion & Piety

THE NUN OF MONZA by Mario Mazzucchelli. 253 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$4.95.

Most nuns choose a religious life because they have a vocation. Not Sister Virginia. Instead of a vocation, she had a widowed father who wanted to get rid of her. At 14, she entered the convent of Santa Margherita in the north Italian town of Monza, took the veil two years later. Her father, the Lord of Monza, not only managed to save the expense of a dowry but also pocketed the bulk of his daughter's personal fortune and was left free to range the world, fighting the Moors, the English and the Turks. Based on trial records opened only six years ago in the archives of Milan, this new book takes a fresh look at a drama that was lurid and violent enough to shock even 17th century Europe, which wallowed in turbulence, superstition and sacrilege.

Satan's Payroll. Until she was 22, Sister Virginia's life passed uneventfully in the nunnery. Then she looked out a window and saw Gian Paolo Osio, a handsome young man who lived on a fine estate next to the convent. "After I had seen Osio twice," Sister Virginia said, "it seemed as though I were forced by the Devil to go to that window." She meant it literally. Like everyone else in those days, Sister Virginia believed that Satan and all his devils roamed the world to snare men's souls.

Sister Virginia fought the Devil. She locked herself in her cell, flogged her naked back until the blood came, sent precious gifts to Our Lady of Loreto, prayed endlessly that "the Lord would free me from that passion." But several nuns who were Sister Virginia's close friends acted as if they were on Satan's payroll: when the time came, it was one of them who tossed the convent key over the wall to Osio.

Though not as wellborn as Sister Virginia, Osio belonged to a gang of reckless noblemen who "did nothing night and day but roam the streets armed with forbidden weapons, breaking into houses, assaulting now this one, now that, giving them wounds." To accomplish the seduction of the nun, Osio frequently attended Mass at the convent, sent intermediaries with gifts of silver crucifixes and other valuables, and even employed a licentious priest to help him achieve a persuasive elegance in his love letters.

Into the Well. Once started, it seemed the affair would never stop. Sister Virginia had two children; the first died at birth, the second was smuggled out of the convent and raised in Osio's home. For seven years everyone in town knew what was going on but did nothing about it. In the convent itself, the nuns divided into accomplices, neutrals and enemies. But the enemies, inside and out, were immobilized by a major deterrent: since her father's death in 1599, Sister Virginia had been virtually governor of Monza.

Those few not afraid of Sister Virginia were soon afraid of hothoused Osio. A blacksmith who talked openly about the affair was stabbed to death. An apothecary gossiped indiscreetly and was shot dead. When a lay sister threatened to tell all, Osio killed her, cut off her head, dropped it into an abandoned well, and buried her torso in his garden. To get rid of two other nuns who were incriminating witnesses to his deeds, Osio lured them from the convent, threw one into a river, and then pitched the other into a well 60 ft. deep—the very same well containing the head of the lay sister.

Reformed Whores. Both nuns were rescued (one died later of her injuries) and the affair at Monza broke wide open. Osio fled to Venetian territory where he was eventually murdered by

persons unknown. By order of Milan's Cardinal Federigo Borromeo, Sister Virginia was tried by church authorities and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in a dungeon deep in a hostel for reformed whores.

Author Mazzucchelli, ably served by Translator Evelyn Gendel, brings intelligence and understanding to the nun's tale. The true story even has an astonishingly upbeat ending. After 14 years of solitary confinement during which she never saw or spoke to another person, Sister Virginia was freed. She emerged white-haired and aged far beyond her 46 years and announced that in "punishments and shame I found Christ again!" Devout, pious, ascetic, Sister Virginia lived on for 27 years more, and the impressed Cardinal Borromeo gave her suitable employment: she wrote moral and religious precepts to certain nuns of the diocese who seemed in need of them.

An American Guerrilla

THEY FOUGHT ALONE by John Keats. 425 pages. Lippincott. \$6.95.

Rice farmers by day, they fought by night. Their bullets were chunks of brass curtain rod, which the women had sharpened by whetstone; the cartridges were loaded with a mixture of dynamite, amatol, and the flash powder from Chinese firecrackers. For every two men, there might be one obsolete rifle and 15 rounds of ammunition; with luck, a platoon would also sport several carbines or an automatic weapon. Yet these ragtag guerrilla forces, scattered across 36,000 square miles of mountain and malarial jungle, were able to tie down a large number of enemy units, kill 7,000 Japanese troops, and secure intelligence of the highest value. And here is one modern guerrilla insurrection that was led by Americans—for this is the story of Colonel Wendell Fertig and his men in the struggle for Mindanao during the occupation of the Philippines by Japanese troops.

Fertig and his men were rank amateurs at the start. After Corregidor fell, U.S. units left on Mindanao were ordered to surrender. A few officers and



FERTIG IN THE PHILIPPINES (1945)
With bullets carved from curtain rods.



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men refused to obey that order. By two and three they slipped into the jungle, as did several American civilians and some Filipino soldiers and constabulary. At the same time the more warlike local tribes, including the Moslem Moros, whose mountains the Americans had more or less pacified, dug their weapons out of the thatch and resumed their ancestral feuding, bushwhacking Japanese as a useful sideline. But there was only hostility among the rival groups until Wendell Fertig (a mining engineer in civilian life, and the ranking American officer still loose) succeeded in imposing on them the all-important unity of command.

Under Fertig's inventive leadership, the guerrillas governed entire provinces, printed their own money, ran their trucks on alcohol distilled from coconut beer, even maintained a miniature but useful navy. Most important was probably the coastal watch that one day spotted the Imperial Fleet making its sortie toward the Mariana Islands, intelligence that was radioed to Australia and Pearl Harbor, helped win the Battle of the Philippine Sea. Fertig's forces, never more than 40,000 men, forced the enemy to commit more than 150,000 troops in its final effort to clean up Mindanao just before MacArthur's return.

John Keats, a critic of suburbia and the auto business (*The Crack in the Picture Window*; *The Insolent Charities*), might seem an improbable chronicler of this episode in wartime bravery. For many readers, his super-slick style and self-confessed "literary license" ("Doña Carmen looked up at Fertig, the candlelight glinting in her dark hair") is about as fitting as chrome brightwork on a Jeep. Nonetheless, working with official records and with Fertig himself, who lives today in Colorado, Author Keats has produced a compelling and rewarding tale of endurance and character.

An Outcast Hero

CAT AND MOUSE by Günter Grass. 189 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$3.95.

Like many another European writer who grew up under Adolf Hitler, German Novelist Günter Grass, 36, is a man shadowed by the cruelty and grotesquerie of life. The groans and squeaks, the howls and primitive chuckles of his first hero, a prurient dwarf named Oskar Mazerath, made Grass's *The Tin Drum* the most powerful first novel to come out of Germany in a generation.

In his second book Grass has turned to another grotesque—a gawky adolescent named Joachim Mahlke who is afflicted by a quivering excrescence of flesh over his Adam's apple. But if Grass still views life largely as a kind of Gothic sideshow, he permits himself, as he did not in the earlier book, a saving touch of human compassion. As a dwarf who had seceded from the adult world

in order to survive in it, Oskar remained a skeptical spectator of absurdity. Through the muted and melancholy chronicle of Mahlke's brief life, Grass seems to say that deformed or not, man can burn with the likeness of a shapeless aspiration. Pettiness is sometimes graced by pity.

Always an Outcast. When Mahlke is 14 and dozing beside an athletic field, a classmate thrusts a playful kitten on his "mouse"—the word he uses throughout the book to describe his swollen Adam's apple. Mahlke becomes savagely self-conscious about the mouse. In winter, he fixes his scarf high over it with a safety pin and constantly reaches up with his hand to be sure the scarf is in place. In summer, he spends as much



GÜNTER GRASS

Shadowed by the grotesquerie of life.

time as possible in swimming so the mouse will be invisible under water. Struggling in other ways against the teasing derision of his clannish normal classmates, he makes himself the best gymnast in the school, as well as the best swimmer, diver and the best student. The war is on. Mahlke resolves to win the Iron Cross, Germany's highest military honor. But no matter what he does he remains an outcast—sometimes inspiring awe, but never inspiring acceptance.

Prayers of Praise. Grass's bizarre title is an invitation to read his book as a restricted fable for two—the cruel cat of collective human conformity endlessly toying with the mouse of an individual's deformity. But Grass has set the jaws of his literary mousetrap much wider than that. Just as a straight chronicle of the sometimes nasty habits and high hopes of boyhood, his story should become a minor classic like Kipling's *Stalky & Co.*, Alain Fournier's romantic pre-World War I *The Wanderer*, and John Knowles's *A Separate Peace*. No one, at any rate, excels Grass in one prerequisite for writing about adolescence—an eye for the entirely incongruous and often grimy details. On a



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half-submerged minesweeper in Danzig harbor. Mahlike and his classmates cheerfully chew dried seagull droppings and spit them contentedly into the sea. The next moment, before diving to explore the sunken hulk, Mahlike is reverently humming prayers of praise to the Virgin Mary.

As in *The Tin Drum*, religious symbolism pervades the book. Again and again, the narrator—the boy who originally threw the cat on Mahlike's mouse, and who suffers from a feeling that he has betrayed Mahlike—refers to Mahlike's "sorrowful, sallow Redeemer's countenance." And the brooding sense of loss and desolation that runs through the book suggests that Grass may be trying to shape a Christ figure suitable for a deformed and shadowed age.

BOBIS CHALAPIN



EVGENY EVTUSHENKO

"It is good to be angry at untruth."

Poetry, then Vodka

A PRECOCIOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY by Evgeny Evtushenko. 124 pages. Dutton. \$3.50.

Published in English at last is the unauthorized life story that got Russian Poet Evtushenko in so much trouble with the Kremlin bosses last winter. He comes out of it a highly subjective, idealistic Communist determined to revitalize the Revolution by healing Stalinist scars. That alone would have been enough to infuriate Moscow's angry old men. The poet is arrogantly vain and recklessly honest. "It is the bastards who are in danger, not I," he boasts. "What mattered were all those young eyes waiting expectantly" to hear the young Evtushenko read his flaming verses at mass meetings.

Nowadays Evtushenko reads nothing in public. He was recently spotted in a Moscow *gastronom* buying vodka while his wife Galina pleaded: "You've had too much. It's bad for you. Come home." But drunk or sober, Evtushenko has yet to recant the verse that could well be his epitaph:

*I am not retreating one damned step
It is good to be angry at untruth.*



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